

Mevlânâ
Celâleddîn
Rumi

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Meter 3

Translated by Nevit O. Ergin

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Bahr-i Hezec
-Ahrab-

archegos



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Echo Publications

Lake Isabella, California, United States

Divan-i Kebir

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Translator's Note

This is a humble attempt at an English translation of the late distinguished Turkish Scholar Abdülbâki Gölpınarlı's (d. 1982) seven volumes of the *Dîvân -i Kebîr* of Mevlânâ Celâleddîn.

According to Gölpınarlı, his translation of the *Dîvân* was based on the following sources:

1. Two volumes of the *Dîvân*, which were compiled between July 2, 1367 and October 12, 1368 by Hasan ibni Osman-al Mavlavi. This *Dîvân* has 290 pages, and the volume dimensions are 0.325x0.47 meters. It is registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya as No. 68 and No. 69.

2. The *Dîvân* registered at the Library of the University of Istanbul, No. 334, which was compiled in the 15th century.

3. The *Dîvân* owned by Gölpınarlı, prepared in 1691 in Baghdad. Later, this *Dîvân* was donated to the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

4. Eight volumes of *Kulliyat-i Shems ya Divan Kebîr* prepared by Bedî-uz-Zaman Furûzan-fer, in 1965 (1345 S.H.).

There are many other versions of the *Dîvân -i Kebîr*, but these are the most dependable ones.

Mevlana did not write, but rather recited the poems. Most of them were recorded by assigned people called Secretaries of Secret (Katibal esrar).

The *Dîvân's* language is 13th century colloquial Farsi. However, there are numerous *gazels*, or poems, written in Arabic and Greek. In addition, there are Turkish words and phrases spread throughout the *Dîvân's* pages.

There are 21 meters in the *Dîvân*. The first volume has 12,493 verses; the second has 4,052; the third has 4,526; the fourth has 4,180; the fifth has 6,684; the sixth has 4,002; and the seventh has 8,892. All together the *Dîvân* has 44,829 verses.

We started with the first meter, *Bahr-i Recez*. In the original *Dîvân -i Kebîr*, the meters were compiled according

to their ending rhyme scheme and the last alphabet letter of their rhyme, not in chronological order. The second meter has the rhyme scheme Mustefilun Faulun Mustefilun Faulun. This third meter has the rhyme scheme Mefülü Mefailün Mefülü Mefailün.

I am grateful to the Ministry of Culture of Turkey for their continued support and encouragement.

I am also indebted to Mrs. Terry Peart for the years she has spent, not only reading my handwriting, but understanding, typing, and editing it.

I would especially like to thank my dear friends Mr. Veli Kalay of Turkey, and Daniel R. Beck of Switzerland for all the support and encouragement they have given me.

It is with great excitement and humility that I bring this treasure, in its entirety for the first time to the English-speaking world.

Nevit Oguz Ergin
Translator



Leather binding of *Divân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.



Mef'ülü Mefailün Mef'ülü Mefailün

First page, Gazel 1, Verse 1 (shown opposite in English) of Bahr-i Hezec Ahrab, Divan-i Kebir (c.1368), registered at the Mevlana Museum in Konya, Turkey.

Mef'ülü Mefailün Mef'ülü Mefailün
represents the rhyme scheme of the meter.

1.

Verse 1¹

P. 66 of original Divan

*T*he charmer of the tavern
Came to take us home.
He brought the spring to rejuvenate us,
To make us very young.

He staged a hold-up on the way.
He opened his leather bag,
Lightened his belt,
Put his arrow in and stretched his bow.

He made hundreds of witty remarks,
Played hundreds of tricks,
And played strange moves in chess
In order to defeat us.

He will pull us up by our roots
Like a sapling, but don't worry.
Go behind him, be his shadow,
Keep running in front, behind him.

My friend, endure, don't run away.
If you have a heart like marble,
First He kills, but later
He takes us in His arms.

If the secret Beloved in our heart
Starts to be coy,
We also act the same
To all Sultans.

That long life came back,
Came back to burn our heart,
That beauty with his coyness
Came back again.

That soul of the world,
That secret treasure came,
That beauty to whom even
Sultans give praise,
Came to tear our curtain.

It is proper if our hearts come
To our mouth because
That important beauty is coming.

God's Shams of Tabriz came
To the sign of Hamel² in order
To grow and mature us
At the top of creation's tree.



2 .

Verse 11

Even if you are not a searcher,
You will still follow us,
You'll keep searching with us.
Even if you don't know how
To play and sing,
You will become like us.
You will start singing, dancing with us.

If you are Karun³ when you fall in love,
You become poor.
Though you are a Sultan, you become a slave like us.

One candle of this assembly is worth
A hundred candles; it's light is as great.
Either you are alive or dead.
You will come back to life with us.

You untie your feet.
Show the rose garden,
Start laughing with all
Your body, like a rose, with us.

Put on the mantle for one moment
And see the ones whose hearts are alive.
Then, throw your satin dresses out
And cover yourself with a mantle, like us.

When a seed falls into the ground,
Germinates, grows and becomes a tree,
If you understand these symbols,
You'll follow us, fall to the ground with us.

God's Shams of Tabriz says
To the heart's bud,
"If your eyes are opened,
You'll see the things worth seeing."



3.

Verse 18

You who have all the wealth and good fortune,
You don't see that day of judgment.
You don't see that Joseph of beauty,
That figure and stature.

O my Shaikh, you don't see
The pearl of Shaikhdom.
That spark of a halo,
That height and greatness.

You don't see this land of soul,
The garden of glory, fortune and splendor.
O good-hearted, honest person,
Who is crazy, you or me?
Just drink one glass
With me, forget blaming.

O moon, you turn around,
But never lose weight.
Your light of glory has pierced
And consumed the stars.

Since you have seen the
Running water, forget Tayammum⁴
The feast of union is here,
Rejoice, put austerity aside.

If you are coy, you are immature,
If you are tolerant, you submit yourself.
But, if you carry the burden,
Then you see the beauty.
You achieve the glory.

Be silent! Silence is better
Than the juice of honey.
Burn the words, forget the allusion and symbols.

O God's Shams of Tabriz
Souls are your East.
This Sun gets the warmth from
Your glory, from your sparks.



4.

Verse 27

Cupbearer, fill the cup with God's wine.
Offer that divine wine
To the burned, thirsty hearts.

Don't talk too much about bread
At the assembly of drunks.
The one who likes water,
Wants to hear all about drink.

The body has been ruined
By your water, your talk.
Adorn this ruin with that treasure.

Your love will turn that
Barren land into a rose garden.
Your wave will change the eye which resembles clouds
Into a shape that scatters pearls.

Increase our wine, offer more and more.
Make our sleep light; How can the one
Who falls asleep know the night?

The guest of God drinks water
From the same cup as the angels.
The wine comes from the sky
To the one who does good deeds.

The lips of His best friend
Touches His cups, His pitcher,
Drinks from His glasses.
You can only find that pure, clear wine
In the jug of abstinence and avoidance.

How can a sober man know
The ecstasy of the drunk?
How can Abu Jahl⁵ understand
The feelings of Sahabe?⁶

A Sufi's master is
God without an intermediary.
And believers in the book of revelations
Are the book.

If you become God's confidant,
You don't need an intermediary.
Snatch the veil of beauties
Whose faces are covered by veils.

The one who denies and says,
In desperation, "You cannot find that."
Those words "You cannot,"
Are the block in his way.

He is not a white falcon,
Nor a nightingale with a beautiful voice.
He is a black raven at the ruins of the earth.

Be silent! Don't talk to increase
The confusion and evil.
The voice that comes from the land of Absence
Is the One that deserves to be addressed.



5.

Verse 40

Give more of this clean pure wine
Today, offer more and more.
Hit, break and demolish this fast-turning wheel.

Assuming the glass of Absence
Is not visible to the eye,
Still, what about drunkenness and devastation,
How can you hide that?

O Love, you are fond of joy and music,
Whose speech and thoughts are good.
Snatch the cover from the Sultan
Who covered his face.

Snatch, O auspicious cupbearer,
Snatch so that lamenting and grieving
Will disappear from this side and that side.
O rose-faced cupbearer,
Fill the glass, fill the cup.

If you didn't want to flirt
With the rose garden,
Why did you open a store
Where rose water is sold?

You tempt us by letting this river flow.
Throw the goose which was born in water
Into the water quickly.

We resemble crops, my friend,
Grown in this place.
Our lips are dried, searching,
Looking for rain clouds,
Waiting with all our heart.

Everywhere there is a new emissary,
"Go away," he says.
Don't listen, hit the stone of La hawle⁷
On the head of that black raven.

O you who instigate every Soul,
O you who snatch the purse of everyone,
O you who stole the rebab
From Rebabi Abu-Bakr⁸

Today I want this expert of Hadith⁹
To make the Soul drunk.
That expert of Tefsir¹⁰
To make the mind senile.

O our fountain of life,
Although the milk of the mangy camel
Is like Soul for the desert's Arab,
Still, don't hide. come forward
Like the day of judgment.

Be silent, O one whose essence and face are beautiful,
Hold your breath.
Don't make our situation known
To every ignorant one who has fallen asleep.



6.

Verse 52

O cupbearer, throw the goose
Which was born in water into the water,
Be quick, impulsiveness fits impatient drunks.

O Soul of spring and winter,
O cupbearer, you who are fond
Of wine and snacks,
Turn Rebabi Abu-Bekr¹¹ into sugarcane.
Fill him with sugar.

O cupbearer of bewilderment and agitation,
Go ahead, fill the cups and glasses with wine.
Start to drink again.

Fill this side and that side with pleasure
And joy screaming from that auspicious wine.
Snatch the veil from the face of the beloved
Who hides his face with the veil.

What a beautiful Beloved he is,
What a wonderful thornless rose sapling he is,
What good medicine for a burned heart he is.

P. 67 of original Divan

Look and see, hundreds of groups
Of people become crazy, insane
With this invisible wine.
This wine made hundreds
Of filtered, pure wines worthless.

Secret flowers, drunk with green,
Fall from branches, and hundreds
Of mountains, like pieces of straw
Go sinking and rising in the torrent
Full of bubbles.

Even that bright glass becomes Soul,
And is hidden from the body. It is
Impossible to hide the drunkenness and devastation.

We resemble crops, we have to grow
In that place, thirsty,
"Looking and waiting for rain clouds.

You keep talking like thunder,
Because your mind is like a curtain to you.
Be patient, plunge into Absence,
Kill this chattering parrot.



7.

Verse 62

*A*t last, that moon has heard
Our wails at early dawn,
Our gathering was different tonight.

When that moon rises in my heart,
"O Time of the Moon,¹²" I say,
"See our moon's time."

Where is Zaloglu Rustem?¹³
I'll show him new tricks, new games.
Where is Joseph?
He should come and see our charms, our beauty.

Our sugar mine cannot be
A mouthful, cannot be swallowed.
It is better for you to be a morsel on His sweet plate.

His grace and kindness want
To embrace us every moment.
For that reason, He prepares
A remedy for our ailments, gives
Favors all the time.

Burned, roasted liver cannot
Be eaten without salt.
For that reason, He spreads
Salt on our burned, roasted liver.

Let's do Tava¹⁴ without feet,
Prostration without head.
Because He made us without feet, without head.

We would do Tavaḥ around
The door of our beloved, without feet,
Because that drunk of Alast¹⁵
Came and broke our door.

Our face, our color turned into gold
Because of His silverish chest,
Hundreds of treasures would
Be sacrificed for our gold and silver.

How could His glory, which turns
Our body into angels, have color and shape?
Is this possible?

This is not possible,
Even though he allows us to make comparisons
Because He knows our sight,
Our view is limited.

"My Glory," He said, "resembles a lamp."¹⁶
Hearts and chests are like
The glass and the container.

Be silent, so nobody hears that.
Even then, who will understand
Our excellence, our evil?



8.

Verse 75

O Cupbearer of Soul,
Give this old, aged wine.
The one which will be a guide
On the way to heart and faith.

Pour the wine which boils
The heart and mixes with Soul,
Which overflows and makes the eyes
Soft and tender, and able to see God.

That grape wine is for Jesus' community.
This Mansur's wine for Yasin's¹⁷ community.

There are jars full of that wine.
There are jars for this wine.
But, unless you break the jars,
You cannot taste this wine.

If you drink that wine
It won't cheer the heart,
Won't remove sorrow and hatred
From their roots.

But, even one drop of this wine
Turns your work into gold.
I would sacrifice my life
For this golden cup.

This would happen only to
The one who gathers up
His bed in the early dawn.
Awake, man achieves this
Progress in the early morning.

Don't slip, stagger,
Or break your oath with Sultans.
Because, bad friends can't
Be deceived with apprehension.

If your face is lacerated, never mind,
Go, look for another wound.
Even if it is Rustem.¹⁸
What could he do against
A bouquet of roses
He faces in the line of battle.



9.

Verse 84

*I*t is the "Fountain of Life"
To drink for the One who adds Soul to Soul.
The fish of God's sea
Must be pure Soul.

This ruin which is made of mud
Is the house for an owl.
It is not for the Phoenix
Who flies so high.

Sparks of this kingdom
Dazzled hundreds of eyes.
Don't bring every blind one,
Who can hardly walk with his cane,
Here by pulling their ears.

If you have good money,
How come you get in debt
And become drunk on borrowed money.
What do you think about this
Treasure of favor and generosity?

The one who is in distress,
Knows where to find His kindness and generosity.
It is proper to sacrifice hundreds
Of hearts for the eternal Soul.

The heart is not worse than iron.
Even iron knows a stone
In front of a magnet
Won't be pulled.

Mind came to this muddy earth,
This universe, to fall in love.
Otherwise, what's the use of mind
To someone who has no loyalty, no mind?

The Sun of Truth is God's Shams of Tabriz.
The heart fell to the ground and kissed the earth
At the temple of that Soul which
Is like a blessing for us.



10.

Verse 92

*T*he Beloved is adorned and has become beautiful;
I wish it would always be like that.
His blasphemy turns into faith as long
As He exists.
I wish it would always be like that.

Because of the bad omen of the Devil,
That splendor has been turned upside-down,
The country has been ruined.
The kingdom has passed to Solomon again.
Everything is under his possession
I wish it would always be like that.

The Beloved who broke my heart,
Who closed the door in front of my face,
Has started sharing his friend's grief.
I wish it would always be like that.

He used to enjoy drinking wine alone.
Now, he has become the master of ceremonies.
I wish it would always be like that.

Sparks from His Royal face,
The torch which lights the house,
Every corner is turned into open space.
I wish it would always be like that.

Earth became the house of sugar
From his fake anger and sweet coquetries,
His charms.
I wish it would always be like that.

Night is gone, it is time for morning wine.
Sorrows are all gone, joys and abundance
Show their faces; the sun rose and shines brightly.
I wish it would always be like that.

That chain started to swing
Because of the glory and help of the one
Who has passed out of existence
With grief, who has become insane and crazy.
I wish it would always be like that.

The holiday is here, festivities are here.
The Beloved, the One who went away, returned.
Joys and pleasures of the holiday increased.
I wish it would always be like that.

O you who have heart,
O player who understands us,
Don't stay so long on the bass string,
Because that planet Venus entered the sign of Libra.
I wish it would always stay there like that.

The poor became Feridun,¹⁹
His treasure is the same as that of Karun.
He spends from the same purse,
And eats from the same cup as the Sultan.
I wish it would always be like that.

Look at that wind, that blowing wind
Of love, harmonizing with the reed
By the charms of those sweet lips.
I wish it would always be like that.

That unlucky Pharoah with all
His harshness and vulgarity,
Suddenly changed into Moses, son of Imran.
I wish it would always happen like that.

That wolf with all its ugliness,
Ignorance and absent-mindedness
Became Joseph of Canaan.
I wish it would always be like that.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
You merged and mixed so much with us,
Tabriz became Korasan.
I wish it would always be like that.

The secret of "my devil became Muslim."
Appeared that your self became divine Self.
The devil came to Islam.
I wish it would always be like that.

This moon rises, both worlds
Turn into rose gardens.
All those of flesh become Souls.
I wish it would always be like that.

Your light reflects on Soul
It sets it on fire, shines
As long as Soul is permanent.
I wish it would always be like that.

His subjugation has changed to compassion.
His poison turned into sweetness.
His clouds rained sugars.
I wish it would always be like that.

Since this oxen is sacrificed,
Now it cannot be exalted and glorified
Because it came to a rich house
Or be ashamed of its horns.
I wish it would always be like that.

Senai's²⁰ wishes are realized
When earth turns into sky.
I wish it would always be like that.

Be silent, I am drunk.
Somebody tied my hands,
Thoughts have flown away.
I wish it would always be like that.



11.

Verse 114 Terci-i Bend

p. 68 of original Divan

O moon-faced Beloved,
The month of Ramadan came.
Cover the top of the table,
Open the road of exaltation.

O inconstant busybody,
It is time to change your ways.
Look at the one who sells halvah.²¹
How long do you want halvah?

Just seeing the halvah maker once,
Made you too sweet.
Even honey says to you, "I'll be the soil you step on,
I worship at your temple."

Your chick is left in the egg
Because of your eating and vomiting.
Get out of that egg so you can grow wings.
You'll be able to fly.

The lips of the Mehter²² are dry
With the calls of the Beloved,
Yelling so nicely with
An empty stomach like a horn.

There should be nothing inside of you.
Be empty; give your lips to the lips of the reed.
When you fill with His breath like a reed,
You'll chew sugar.

Sweetness is hidden in the breath
Which blows the reed.
The reed resembles Mary
Who became pregnant by the sweetness of that breath.

What will you lose
If you repent of eating bread?
Where is the table, that
Its bread increases in time?
Where is the Beloved who
Adds Soul to Soul?

I will be purified by sediments,
Even go beyond that, climb the Kafdagi.²³
The sparrow which flies to fasting's Kafdagi
Becomes a Phoenix.

Losing weight and paleness come from fasting;
It makes you dizzy, but this weight loss,
This paleness will give "Yed-i Beyza"²⁴
To the people.

Every year, they dredge the canal,
Clean the mud in order for the water to flow
So they can grow the green crops.

You also give this bread
To the one who cleans and opens the canal.
You obtain the fountain of life.
Your particle comes back to life.

O one who listen to me,
Accept these words like a cascading torrent
Calling Soul to the sea.

O Beautiful One, whose face
Is more beautiful than the moon,
The first words of your description
Have already filled seventy-two books.
In the hand of envious Venus,
Seventy-two tambourines got wet,
And could not make another sound.

We closed the door of hell,
Gave up the desire of eating and drinking.
You also open the door of Heaven,
Open the door of your bright Heart.

You served the donkey enough;
You carried its grasses and straw.
Now, it is time to serve Jesus,
Time to help Him.

If we were not donkeys,
This earth wouldn't be our country, our home.
The sky will pull us like Jesus,
Pat its eyes and it will embrace us.

But, if the one whose armpit stinks
Puts us under his arm,
We shouldn't bear any grudge against that idiot
Whose heart's eyes are blind.

As long as you watch a tableful
Of bread and meat,
Where will you see the Soul?
O my world and Soul, go and look
For the world, search the Souls.

All those things have come and passed,
My dear friend, you look at once for the needy.
We haven't had leaves or flowers like the rose
Because of the cold winter.

We are full of this harvest,
This wheat and barley.
Show me one without the signs
Of Virgo and Libra.

We hold the string of the sky
To put up our tent,
Next to the hyacinth and iris.

How long will you say coo-coo, "where, where?"
Like a stork or a dove.
Look for a way to the height
Because this earth bruises and destroys
Every silver-bodied beauty.

Each Beauty is like a moon,
Standing on a road, staging a hold-up.
Each one of them like a Sultan of Sultans,
Each one is more beautiful than the others.

Oh my life, give your Soul.
Don't be afraid, don't be stingy.
You burn lots of light,
For sure, you need oil.

Look for the throne, exaltation.
You say, "I don't care for those little things."
Snatch that disposition from the lion.
You are a man, not a woman.

Step on the road full of blood,
Put your face on the face of Majnun.
Pull out the sword of war,
Skin the lion.

O musician who resembles the parrot,
Tell the third Terzi,
That the Soul flows like water in the river.

O Jesus, You who are exalted
Passing through the sky of fire,
Bend Your head; look down from the sky
And pull us up there.

I am like soil, stepped on everyday.
You give me capacity;
Then the soil becomes a floor for me.

This eye couldn't look at that divine light.
But You put some salve in my eyes.
In this common world they become
Like an ocean.

Without the drunkenness from that glass
Heart is unaware of himself; he is emaciated.
Without the salve Caesar puts on,
The eyes are blind.

Go to the forest of lions
Where you can hunt gazelles.
Go to the assembly of Sultans
If you want to drink the Sultan's wine.

On every corner there is a cupbearer
Holding a cup of wine, pure and clear.
In every place, there is a musician;
His dewlap is sweet.
They all look like the moon.

You keep asking the Beloved,
"Are you bayram feasting?"
O God, how did You give this beauty, this magnificence?

How could this lion fit
The six corners of this world?
The paw which this lion deserves,
Is beyond the six dimensions.

The Sun burns for that Beauty
The moon becomes dry.
This brightness, this sparkle
Comes from the secret of
"God has spread His Holy light to them." (Hadith)

That brilliance is such that Soul
Becomes eternally drunk with it.
It is such light that the Sun
Won't be able to reach its dust.

I was talking with my head above water.
Words were coming from my lips, discussing nicely.
Now I have become submerged,
How can I describe the river?

You are not submerged in the river
If you are not a fish.
Nobody comes to this meadow
But the rose sapling.

That Sultan of Sultans who resembles no one,
Explained this in such a way.
How can you convey this explanation?
It doesn't fit the words or the pictures.

The heart, which became your house,
Is bigger and better than two worlds.
Layla became crazy, insane
Because of that heart, so did Majnun.

O moon-faced friend,
O player who chews sugar,
Your voice adds Soul to Soul,
Don't stop to rest until morning.

You are help, you are a joy to all.
You have become better than everyone.
You have been like that, don't stop.
Sit until morning.

The news went to a hundred cities, like,
"O lovers, O ruined ones, that
Sleeping Beloved has awakened."
Don't you rest either;
Sit until morning.

That instigator has awakened,
He is such an instigator that,
If He reproaches the mountain,
The mountain is split. Don't stop,
Rest until morning.

There is such a gathering in the house,
Such a light in the gathering.
I expect things from you, don't stop,
Rest until morning.

The Bey²⁵ came, bey came,
That bright full moon came.
Sugar and milk came, don't stop
Or sleep until morning.

O charmer, whose voice
And melodies are more beautiful and sweeter
Than a morning breeze,
You are the one seducing us.
You play continually until morning;
Don't stop; don't sleep.

Drinking and gathering are happy
And lively because of your breath, your melodies.
You illuminate everything like a candle.
Don't stop or rest until morning.

This sky is like a tent put over the earth.
Has anybody ever seen a tent like that?
O pole of this tent,
Don't fall until morning.

This gathering is filled with You
And has reached honor and glory with You.
It is becoming upside-down because of You.
Don't stop or rest until morning.

That oar moves all the time,
Like it is in the hand of the boatman.
This will go on like that
Until it reaches the prosperous land.
Keep on until morning.

O beautiful breath which blows through the reed,
How nice and fresh you are!
Why don't you respect everybody?
Don't stop or rest until morning.

The tambourine is stretched
By a stroke of the hand,
Not the breath of a drunk.
Its sound is lighter than the reed.
Keep playing until morning.

We are in silence like the Soul,
But how can Soul sleep?
O Beloved, you become our tongue.
Don't stop; don't rest. Sing and play.



12.

Verse 170

I laugh not only with my mouth,
But with my whole body,
Because I am out of myself.
I am in privacy with the Sultan of the world.

O one who comes with a torch
In the early morning to take the heart away,
Take the Soul to the sky, too.
Don't leave the heart alone.

Don't make the Soul a stranger
To the heart with anger and greed.
Don't leave this here;
Call the other one to come along.

Send the news the Sultan deserves;
Make a general invitation.
O my Sultan, how long will
This one be with You
And that one stay alone?

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If you don't come tonight,
Close your lips tonight like last night.
O my master, not only will I make noise,
I will make a scene and cause an uproar.



13.

Verse 175

*F*or God's sake, Beloved,
Look at my face, pale like gold.
For God's sake, wherever
You go, take us with you.

When you come to the heart,
Lift the skirt of your garment,
So it won't be spoiled with blood, O Beloved.

Despite the blindness
Of those moon-faced beauties
Who don't see you,
Rise and draw a black cloud
Over the face of the moon.

Alas, O sugar-lipped friend,
Since your mother gave birth to you,
The sugar market in the bazaar
Has been depressed.

We said, "Health and happiness for you:
That voice covered the whole world."
The heart is prostrated,
Soul put the belt of effort around his waist.

I used to burn at night like a candle;
Was put out every morning.
But tonight, I cannot differentiate
Night from day, O Beloved.

O God's Shams of Tabriz, you are
A bloody Sultan of Sultans.
The sea which has been in your service,
Your slave, is nothing but a pearl
At your temple, O Beloved.



14.

Verse 182

O Beloved, from whose face,
The rose garden, red and yellow roses smile;
I wish you would become like that
All the time. Mix like honey and milk with us.

O friend to whom the sky has become a slave,
His grace will give life to the people.
Wonderful; what beauty, what charm this is.

If your sea of beauty suddenly froths
And becomes rough, the lower world
Will fill with pearls, and the upper world
Turn into heaven.

Wherever you turn, roses will grow
In front of you.
Whenever you go out and come back,
The soil under your feet, I pray,
Will change to gold.

When you get angry and talk reproachfully
And bitterly, don't worry; your injustice,
Your cruelty are totally sweet and pleasant.

Although his heart is stone,
You look and see what his color is.
When the torch sees it, when the
Red rose sees it, they become ashamed of themselves.

God, give him an open, wide-awake heart,
Give him long life.
He will live hundreds of years,
Praising, exalting, acting shy,
So we will be praising Him.



15.

Verse 189

*F*or your Soul's sake,
For your head's sake,
Don't leave us like that, Beloved.
O walking cypress, show that
Stature to us.

Cheer and illuminate the dirt floor,
Show another sun to the roof of this sky.

Make the Soul knowledgeable,
Guide, fill the mines with gold.
Give an earthquake to shake
The bottom of the ocean.

Even the sun takes shelter
Under the shadow of your kingdom.
Is there any other way than to go
Under the shadow of your blessing?

My dear friend, the one who
Has a bad idea, that idea does not suit him well.
The incapable, lazy ones,
Are lazy and incapable of love.

You are the mercy of Merciful God,
You are the salve, the remedy.
Give us the medicine which controls
The bile, like a doctor.

You are the nightingale of the rose garden,
The cupbearer of good people.
You listen to the secrets.
At the same time, you have no head, no feet.

My God, what do You have there?
You are spring with Your kindness.
You put the granite stones
And rocks to work.

You shine with such a light,
You instigate such mischief,
That hundreds of floods
Are unable to calm that.



16.

Verse 198

O moon-faced one, welcome.
You brought joy and happiness to our Soul.
You were always like that.
I wish you would be like that
As long as you live.

O you who are the shape
And form of every joy,
O symbol of pure love,
You always stay in our heart.

My dear Beloved, help us grow
From this childhood, from
The needs and service of nannies.

We fall in grief, and hang onto
Our friends and relatives.
O tambourine, yell from the heart.
O reed, wail and cry.

O Heart, you are beautiful,
Be more beautiful because of that Husrev.
If you are a sweet Husrev, Shirin's Husrev
Will fall in love, and become Ferhad.²⁶



17.

Verse 203

I f you don't want to be disgraced
Publicly, take my advice.
I am like a jar full of opium;
Don't lift my lid.

If you want to throw me into the fire,
What could the fire do to me?
I burn hearts with hundreds of different fires,
And cause hundreds of uproars and tumult.

Though the sky becomes a head
From beginning to end,
Though the earth becomes feet,
I will neither put my head on this,
Nor step on that.

O cupbearer of the jar
Of the clean, pure wine of our Master,
Give us a big glass.
That's best for us to be grateful to God.



18.

Verse 207²⁷

Earth is illuminated
With the light of our fire.
The full moon is our cupbearer;
The Pleiades is our glass.

Love is my belief.
Solitude is my garden, my meadow.
The blazing fire is my drinking friend.
The rose garden is the place
Of our joy and pleasure.

Whoever is in love, this is his assembly.
Whoever still has a mind
Should stay away from us.
Where is he? Where are we?

The one whose country is ruined,
The one who became thirsty with fire
Should come to us.
We'll show him the spring—such a source of water.
He'll return satiated.

The one who has no eye
To see the world of Absence
Should come to our temple
With love and enthusiasm and serve there.

O time, have your eyes
Ever seen a man like
God's Shams of Tabriz
Who is the master of my heart?

What happiness it is for you,
O one who has found the right way,
You gave up form and shape
In order to find our meaning.

Whoever has grief or trouble,
Whoever is ruined or destroyed,
Should come and drink our master's coffee,
And become drunk and free from suffering.



19.

Verse 215

*M*y Hodja, you don't see
The day of resurrection;
You don't see His beautiful stature.

The wall of the house
Has become crazy, insane,
The door and chimney, too.
I climb the wall in order to be noticeable.

It is such a moon that
It keeps turning, but it hasn't
Been notched or thinned.
The Sun of His Beauty
Pierced the darkness.

O chaste, beautiful Hodja,
Who is crazy, you or me?
Have a glass with me. Quit blaming.

Before you, how many fools kept
Looking for miracles?
Once they see the face of the cupbearer,
They should get rid of miracles.



20.

Verse 220

*B*eloved, how lucky for us
That we have fallen into your grief.
We are confident of your love
And at the same time are your confidant.

We become lost by looking at
And watching your face
When we have drunk from your cup.
Sometimes, we climb onto your roof
And are cheered by you.

You are the Soul of Solomon,
The halting place for the Soul
To rest and be calm.
O Beloved, the giant became crazy
For your ring, so did the fairy.

O Beloved, Souls have lost themselves
By looking at your beautiful face.
Hearts are shining because
Of your breath, your presence.

I have been drunk with your love.
Your hangover is in my head.
I am happy, joyful because of your beauty.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
You are the Kaaba²⁸ of lovers.
O friend, even Zamzam²⁹ is mixed with sugar,
Sweetened because of your zamzam.



21.

Verse 226

O sleep, for your Soul's sake,
Don't trouble us tonight.
For God's love, pass by;
Don't stop here.

O sleep, wherever you fly and land,
You destroy the gathering.
Don't come to our assembly tonight.

Beloved, tonight the eye is nourished
With your beauty.
Don't be sorry because of sleeplessness.
O eye, keep watching His beauty tonight.

"By the night enshrouding,"³⁰
God forbid. Go away sleep; go away tonight.
You will obtain hundreds of gifts
From the hearts of those who are awake.

People fall asleep, thank God.
O heart, you didn't sleep last night,
But tonight, you are worse than last night.
You are fully awake tonight, too.

I am like the moon, talking until morning.
O caring friend of the one who is longing,
The eyes of your heart are open tonight.
See me. Listen to me.

The moon is my witness; stars are my army.
O moon, you are my shield against the arrows of stars.



22.

Verse 233

*B*eloved, don't sleep tonight.
Don't leave us without you, beloved.
Beware, don't start a race drinking with us.
Please, don't sleep tonight.

We are not ourselves tonight;
We became different with love.
Look and see what shape we are in this time.
Please, don't sleep tonight.

O One whose ring encircles every neck,
Don't leave us alone every night.
Please, don't sleep tonight.

We are bait for grief's fishing.
We are confused, and drunk with sorrows.
Don't hand us over to grief.
Please, don't sleep tonight.

O cypress of the rose garden,
O moon which illuminates the evening.
Be kind to moon worshipers.
Please, don't sleep tonight.



23.

Verse 232

*T*he Soul and body become drunk
Because of that sugar-lipped cupbearer.
O friend, don't sleep tonight.

In order to have him hear and understand me,
I keep wailing for that light of the whole world
And tell of all his charms and shy manners.
O friend, don't sleep tonight.

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Sometimes because of resentment,
Sometimes because of confusion,
You have been deprived of this drink.
Don't be deprived tonight.
O friend, don't sleep tonight.

If one day you become a thorn,
Despicable and contemptible,
And another day you die and become a corpse,
How will you have any idea about us?
O friend, don't sleep tonight.

Give up both of them.
Ah, men, time has passed. Get up.
The rose is smiling.
O friend, don't sleep tonight.

I am afraid of your departure;
I live day and night with your love.
O my God's Shams of Tabriz,
O friend, don't sleep tonight.



24.

Verse 244

O Soul, I am your guest,
Don't sleep tonight.
O Soul and heart of the guest,
Don't sleep tonight.

Your face rose like a full moon;
Tonight has become the Night of Qadr.³¹
O the Sultan of all Beauties,
Don't sleep tonight.

O cypress of five hundred rose gardens,
O you who are peace within the sound
And heart of the drunk.
You took the heart away with you;
Take the Soul, too.
Don't sleep tonight.

O beautiful, smiling garden,
Both worlds are prisons without you.
You were such a charmer, even better than that.
Don't sleep tonight.



25.

Verse 248

O One who is exempt from changing
From one state to another,
O One who was created with no peer, no equal,
O You who bring man constantly
From one state to another, You who give him wonders,
And make some like Majnun, others like Layla,
O Artist, who needs no tool,

O One who gives hundreds of states
To Layla and Majnun, making
Them yell and cry at His temple, saying,
"O You who only give and have no needs."

It is Solomon's ring which
Answers all needs,
Which does all the work that is pledged to You.
Don't let this proof slip from your hand.

The Moon of Repentance³² has passed.
A new moon has risen in the sky.
In a single moment this One will break
Hundreds of agreements and oaths of repentance.

How foolish is the head that
Won't be stunned and frozen because of Him.
How silly is the heart that
Won't lose everything in front of Him.

We limped here. Close the door of the house.
The one who is scattered or the one who flies—
Both are lame in this temple.

O Love, You are a whole Being,
You are a crown, and at the same time a chain.
You are the invitation of the Prophet,
And at the same time You are the changes of beliefs
And the mood of the people.

From Absence You created us
With thirst and turned our eyes
To that fountain of Your kingdom.

My thorn changed into a rose;
My particle became whole.
"Our beginning is God's compassion;
So is our end³³."

See the rose in the thorn.
Everybody sees a rose without thorns.
See the whole in the part;
That is competence.

See the wine in the unripened grape;
See existence in Absence.
O Joseph, watch the Kingdom
Of the Sultan of Sultans at the well.

Thorns without roses won't
Sit on top of the meadow
Where a handful of dirt finds
The head and mustache without Soul.

You clap your hands and understand
That you are the source of the sound.
It is coming from you.
Because, if Union and Separation didn't happen,
You wouldn't be able to hit your hands together.

Be silent now; spring has come.
The rose and thorn have come.
Beauties have come leaping
From the land of Absence to invite us.



26.

Verse 262

One page is left from our book of Life.
The Soul has seen this grace,
And has become jealous and fallen into grief.

He wrote a sweet alphabet,
Sweeter than sugar, in that book.
When the moon read that
It caused him to sweat
Because of his bashfulness.

Eternal life is shining
On the leaves of the garden.
It is such eternal life,
That it has no fear of being changed
From one sign of the Zodiac to another;
Neither does it become diminished or decreased.

It is called a leaf,
But eternal glory is there.
All the clean people's secrets are there,
Like the redness after sunset.

The Glory of God comes
From God's Shams of Tabriz,
Reflected over a rolled, twisted page.



27.

Verse 267

I have been admiring the greatness
Of that world where your contempt,
Your boasting came like wind to me.
The one who is drunk with that kingdom,
Why shouldn't he exalt Him,
Why wouldn't he see His greatness?

Each moment I have been drinking
Hundreds of cups of wine
Which come from neither a big earthen jar
Nor from any container.

I have been catching, without any nets,
All the birds in the sky
And God's falcons in the world of Absence.

Even surprisingly wonderful birds
Are flying away from my hands.
With that, wine overflows into my mouth.

A grain of wheat which has grown
In His ear of corn, the one Adam ate,
I would sell it with heaven.
Then, I would hold the other
Heaven, like a Soul, in my arms.



28.

Verse 272

*T*here were two Turks with bows
In their hands at Balasagon,³⁴ saying,
"If one of those two people
Disappears, it doesn't matter to us.

O one who falls into useless grief
Because, "That has happened or this didn't happen,"
That one has a purse full of gold.
This one has a plate, a full table,
Saying and becoming sick with that.

You are exasperated with greed
If a man donates a saddle
To someone at nightfall.

I vow to God that every living thing
With Soul has no thought, but for
That gaze of the Sultan,
And knows no anxiety, but the fear
Of the wrath of the Sultan.

I would rather be crazy, insane
Than think of absurd things.
O you who see everything
With the eyes of Soul,
I have been crazy and insane
From the beginning.

Since I don't have a mind, come to me.
You are my reason. You are
The sense and intelligence for one
Who has a shepherd like You.

If my worship is not enough,
You are my worship, my prosperity.
Anybody who worships You
Frees himself from fear.

O you who make different shaped jars,
Don't try to sell me one.
What would I do with it,
Since I have the river.

You dedicate yourself
To someone who is dead.
I dedicate myself to the One
Who possesses the Soul and the Universe.

Come and become our friend because
There is a trace of our Soul in yours.

God's Shams of Tabriz is a sun
Of the sky of existence.
What a sky that is where he keeps turning.



29.

Verse 283

*T*oday, your face
Is a different face.
Today, there is another
Taste upon your sweet lips.

Today, your ruby lips
Which resemble an open rose,
Bloomed on another branch.
Today, your cypress-like stature
Grows in a different way.

Today, your moon face
Cannot be fit into the sky.
There is another cheerfulness, another spaciousness,
In your chest which resembles the sky.

Which side of the bed
Did the instigator get out of today?
I don't know. All I know is
There are different fights
And uproars on the earth today.

Today that Gazelle, who is beyond
These two worlds,
Spread out on another plain,
Hunts lions appearing in your eyes.

The heart that has fallen in love is gone.
Heart and love both have disappeared.
He has a much better love now.

Though the lover doesn't have feet,
He will fly with eternal wings.
Though He doesn't have a head,
He has many other heads.

The sea of both eyes was looking for Him
And was unable to find Him.
He didn't know that pearl had another sea.

I turned both worlds upside down with love,
But I couldn't find it.
I didn't know that He has another place.

Today, my heart is love;
Tomorrow, it is the Beloved.
I have another tomorrow
At the heart of my heart.

Though Sultan Selahaddin is hidden,
No wonder God is so jealous of him,
For every moment he has a new tutor.



30.

Verse 234

*T*he Soul cannot be broken or divided;
Take a slice from the loaf of bread.
The one who falls in love, becomes out of work,
But cannot be called a vagabond.

If I become a mantle for someone,
He will never be naked.
If I help someone,
He will never be helpless.

If I become a representative for someone,
He cannot be dismissed.
A stone turned into a jewel
Cannot become a stone again.

The Qibla³⁵ of the ones with longing
Will never be destroyed.
The Koran of the ones who keep silent,
Won't be divided into thirty sections.³⁶

My eyes shed tears, just like the cupbearer,
But without His languid eyes.
Neither do I become drunk nor serve wine.

Love becomes sick, but never dies.
The moon becomes notched, but won't be a star.

Be silent. Enough. Don't worry.
The Self that has been in love,
Won't turn and do bad things.



31.

Verse 301

*T*he lover should be like me,
Consumed constantly with passion.
If he cannot be like that,
He should keep playing with his knuckle bones.

O charmer to whom even the moon
Became a slave, a servant,
The one who has a face like the moon
Should be like you who are better than
All the moon-faced ones,
And flirt with everyone.

The one you call a lover should be like me.
He should be so drunk, so much out of himself,
That neither would he get along with people
Nor would he have any use for himself.

O my Sultan, you who ride so uniquely,
The horseman should be like you.
He should ride his horse from illusion
And doubt, to that side further away.

Love is the fountain of life.
It saves you from death.
How lucky is the one who
Gives himself to love.

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This Soul resembles a green branch;
Keep pulling it toward yourself.
The harder you pull, the more you get.

My Soul, my heart have been absorbed
By that essence and become drunk.
Every day looks for a new way
Like the first time of falling in love.

He holds you in His arms,
Caresses you, loves you,
When you bend double, like a harp, with grief.

The gazelle who admires the lion
When his blood is changed, rejuvenated
The lion takes him to his right side
To walk together.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
It is possible that one day
Your light will reflect on the sun,
On the sky and make it better and more beautiful.



32.

Verse 311

When will that time come, when friends
Who rise in the early dawn will find us
Like particles which have been
Spread upside down and gone?

How lucky is that person who comes
To drink water from the river
And finds the reflection of that moon.

Who is that person who resembles Jacob
While searching for his son's smell?
From the shirt of Joseph he will
Bind the light of his eyes and start seeing again.

Or, like the desert Arab who drops his
Bucket in the well—
When he pulls it up, he finds
A sweet and peerless beauty.

Or, like Moses while looking for a fire,
He turns his face toward the tree
And instead of fire he finds
Hundreds of dawns, hundreds of mornings.

Or, like Jesus, in order to be safe
From the enemy, he enters the house.
There He finds a way to ascend to the sky.

Or, like Solomon, he opens the belly
Of the fish and finds that golden ring there.

Who is that man who comes like Omar,
With the sword in his hand to make
An attempt on the life of God's messenger,
Then falls in God's trap and acquires
God's inspiration with good luck?

Or, like Edhemoglu, while riding his horse
To hunt Gazelle, he was hunted by someone else?

Or like a thirsty shell which opens
Its mouth, swallows a drop, and then makes a pearl?

Or like the person who gathers plants
And straw from one corner to another,
And suddenly discovers the treasure in the ruins?

Get on the road, advance.
Leave the gossips, the fables behind.
Know well, so the stranger will find
The door from the light of "didn't we
Open and enlarge your chest"³⁷
And will reach this light.



33.

Verse 323

*T*hat drifter came again,
Came to burn and melt like a candle
In front of You.

He came to make supplication
To your narcissus-sweet face.
Don't close the door, O my Soul.

Because if you close the door,
He'll accept your order.
Nevertheless, supplication for the slave
And coyness for the Sultan.

Every candle which has been consumed
With passion gives light to the eye.
Whoever burns and melts will
Be able to find the secret.

If I separate the poison
That comes from His hand from the wine,
That means my soul might fall in temporary
Love on the way of Soul.
I have to take some more poison.
I have to advance much more.

How will the animal be able
To drink His fountain of life?
How could closed eyes
See His face?

I stop traveling; I stay with the Beloved.
I am saved from death
Because of that long life.

O heart, how long will you
Be looking for water in this river?
How long will you be expecting
A call to prayer?
Prayer time is here.

Whoever takes a step toward
Shamseddin with good heart,
Even if he can't walk, love
Will put wings on him.
He can fly with them.



34.

Verse 332

Every particle, at the height of exaltation,
Who drinks wine, and dances, with the love of God,
By tapping his feet, sees the sun of eternity.

The one He makes smile
Dances by swinging his arms and sleeves;
The one He makes scared,
Moves his lips by praying.

Even His beautiful great sky
Became drunk with that wine.
Keep playing the prayer bells.

This love came as a drunk,
Entered the garden of Alast,³⁸
Put the grape of existence under
His feet and started crushing.

Why should love come to the vineyard
And crush grapes, if he is not drunk?

You are also jumping, stamping your feet
On the floor, but you don't see the grapes.
Your Sufi-like Soul, on the other hand,
Is crushing grapes all the time.

Every moment He seems to be giving
Grief and troubles to me.
If the vineyard is yours,
Whose grapes will you be crushing?

You keep stomping your feet
Because you wear the same mantle Job did.
Whoever hears the voice of
"hit your foot to the ground."³⁹
Stamps on the foot of loyalty and enters the dancing.

Jacob started dancing
From the chanting of Joseph.
That sweet-lipped Joseph
Was also dancing, standing,
And stomping with his feet.

O Souls, since you are in
The presence of the Beloved,
Stomp your feet; dance.
It is possible that the foot
Of luckiness may touch you and dance with you.

My friend, this love is like rain that
Comes over the leaves, the grass, and the meadow.
It will make them green and grow.

God's Abraham has danced in the fire of Nimrod.
God's Ishmail's neck has moved
In front of grief's sword.

The Soul of God steps on the oceans
Like a bird and dances with the bird
Which has ascended.

Say "long life" to that Beauty
Without words or sounds
Or concern about evil eyes
On that Beautiful one.



35.

Verse 346

*M*y beloved friend, don't fall into desperation.
There is a hope; the expectation
Of all Souls comes from the world of Absence.

Although Mary is gone,
The divine light that pulled
Jesus to the sky has come.

O Soul, don't be desperate.
The Sultan who freed Joseph from jail
Came from the darkness.

Jacob came from seclusion,
And reached Joseph, who tore
The curtain of Zeliha.

O you who wail every night,
"My God, my God," until morning,
Mercy has heard your cry and arrived.

O old chronic trouble,
The cure has come.
O locked closet door,
The key has come.

O you who keep fasting
After eating Sahur,⁴⁰
Break your fasting; eat a good meal of Iftar.⁴¹
Because the crescent of Bayram⁴² has appeared.

Be silent. Confusion comes after His order of "Be."
Become better than words.



36.

Verse 354

*T*he month of fasting has passed.
Bayram came, bayram came.⁴³
The night of separation is gone,
The Beloved appeared, suddenly came.

Your Azra became Vamik⁴⁴
In the bright morning.
Your beloved fell in love with you.
Your master became your disciple,
And gave his pledge to you.

War has died, peace came,
Poison disappeared, sugar came.
The stone turned into a jewel.
For every lock, a key came.

The sun shines on the clean
As well as on the dirty.
Nevertheless, Soul went
To the land of the pure
From this dirty flesh.

The heart falls in your trap
By the taste of your glass.
When Soul understands that
It comes running.

So many repentants have been
Hit by your stone and broken to pieces.
So many devout worshipers tore their mantles
And came to your temple.

The garden and meadow have closed
Their mouths for three months
Because of this winter, they didn't talk.
At the end, a breeze came
From the world of Absence,
To your smell of spring.



37.

Verse 361

O you who spent the dark evening sleeping,
The time for worshipping has come.
O Self, whose custom is cruelty,
The time for loyalty has come.

Look out through the window,
Open the door of repentance,
Put the house in order,
Hurry, it is our turn now.

Why don't you wash your hands
From sins and cruelty?
Slap water on your face,
The time for Namaz⁴⁵ has come.

When you turn your face to the grave,
You'll remember His Qibla.⁴⁶
When you postpone Namaz,
All your begging and crying
Won't do you any good.

Look for a light from this Qibla.
It may become a candle for the grave,
That light brightens your tomb.
When God's glory comes,
The grave becomes a rose garden.

The one who has little zeal
Is the one who remains in the house of grief.
How can you find your secret
From that one's heart?

Your value is measured
By whatever you care for the most.
For that reason, the lover's heart
Is greater than the throne of God.

Your trouble comes from the medicine you take.
Your loyalty is deceit and fraud.

How could the Soul fit into
The place from which love comes?
How could reason fly
To the place ruled by insanity?

How could you trap the heart
Of the lover, which resembles a Phoenix?
The place where that kind of bird flies
Is beyond the world of existence.

The heart that is full of fire
Is whirling around the common people.
How could it be that a constant
In the sky turns like that?

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
Drink a glass from Moses' wine.
That bloody Nile will become clean, pure water.



39.

Verse 373

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*T*he Soul is wondering about Your Presence,
Dying to know,
How could anybody dare
To talk with You?

Somebody's head is rising,
From every place you step,
Wanting to know how could anyone wash his hand
And wondering how anybody could give up on You.

Only the Soul knows what fragrance
He gets from the Beloved the day he starts
To fly with the pleasure of Your fragrance.

The head will wail hundreds of times.
Every hair weeps miserably
If your hangover decreases in my head.

I emptied the house,
I arranged Your property and possessions.
In order to increase Your love day by day,
I have been melting, declining.

With the love of God's Shams of Tabriz
My Soul is advancing
On the sea like a ship without feet



*M*y friend, is sugar better
 Than the one who makes sugar?
 Is the Moon's beauty greater
 Than the one who created the Moon?

O Garden, are you better
 Than the roses on you?
 Is the rose more perfect
 Than the one who grows the rose
 And makes hundreds of narcissuses?

O mind, are you better in knowledge,
 Or the One who creates hundreds
 Of minds every moment?

O Love, you are
 Scattered and energetic,
 But there is someone or something
 Who has put a fiery belt around you.

I have been in ecstasy because of Him.
 I feel dizzy because of Him.
 I am confused, sometimes He burns
 My arms and wings,
 Sometimes He gives me a head and arms.

The sea of heart, with His grace,
 Makes a string of pearls out of words
 Given to Husrev and Shirin.⁴⁷

But, He crushes all these pearls with Love.
There is something else in that amazing Love.

God's Shams of Tabriz, turns our heart,
Which resembles the sun, into a sword for work,
And a shield for essence.



41.

Verse 387

O Soul, I will be surprised
If sleep finds a way to come tonight.
The eye that finds a Sultan
Like you won't sleep.

O well-mannered lover,
Don't even sleep tonight,
Because that Beloved who always looks
For excuses considers this a sin.

I am an admirer of a lover
That makes the moon like a Kullah⁴⁸
With his agility and sleeplessness at night.

He should be in the service of the Sultan,
Keep company with the Moon at night
And have an army of angels like the Moon.

That ruler has taught the hair
Of the Sultan to act like ropes for a bucket.
That is to say, he thought Joseph's kingdom
Was at the bottom of the well.

That desperate camel gave up getting water,
Now it is turning around the threshing wheel
Hoping for a handful of straw.

If he cannot make a pillow
For your satin-smooth face,
I wish he could obtain a black shawl
From the hair that resembles Qadr's night.⁴⁹

Everyone who falls in love
Has affection toward you.
They wrote your name on the horseshoe
And put it in the fire.

Go after the sun, advance
With hope that you'll reach it.
That way your great moon
Might resemble the Moon.

Tonight became the Night of Power.
Be silent. Serve Him, so
The hearts belonging to God
Will receive admiration from God.



42.

Verse 397

*M*y good man, he broke my glass,
His shoulder is clumsy.
But it doesn't matter, one broken glass.
It is only natural where
There are so many drunks.

I don't mind if he breaks my glass.
That Cupbearer has another glass
Under His arm.

The body made of clay
Is like a cup.
Soul is like clean, pure wine.
He will give me another glass.
This one is already cracked.

He is such a loyal cupbearer
That he wears a Kullah made of love and tenderness.
He is such a cupbearer that there is
A patch in his dress made by softness and pity.

He gives relief and joy to the heart
That is in grief and sorrow.
He gives good sight to the one
Whose hair has grown over his eyelids.

The mind that sits at
The window guards this house.
If you know anything, go and
Lie down at His door, become dirt or dust.

How could the one who has seen
The face of the Sultan lose the game?
How could the one who
Became a sea of honey turn bitter?

The one who leaves His Fountain of Life
Finds hundreds of deaths
At the source of everyday life.

The Sun is beautiful
In every sign of the Zodiac,
But its clamor is at the sign of Aries.

Whatever I have seen besides
The appearances of God's love,
Half were deceits, the other half lies.

I have given so many names for Him,
But He is so unique, peerless and incomparable,
That it is impossible to
Describe Him with examples.



43.

Verse 408

Bayram⁵⁰ has come, Bayram has come.
That blessed fortune came.
Grab the drum, start playing,
Because the moon showed His face.

O crazy fool, Bayram is here.
Listen to the tumult in the sky.
The trusted one who stayed at the lotus tree
Suddenly came from the throne of God.

Reciting gazels, playing, dancing, laughing,
Bayram came.
The Caesar of the moon-faced one
Left the house and came to us.

Hundreds of the sources of knowledge
And understanding became crazy, insane,
Fell in love because of that charm.
That beauty has appeared in a wonderful way.

That permanent strength
Made the prophet David drunk
By softening the rock and iron in his hand.

Bayram came, we were in bad shape without Him.
Come and reach Bayram,
Because that table, that tirit⁵¹ came.

Poison turns into sugar because of Him.
Wherever there is skin, bone, and skeleton,
It becomes alive and beautiful.

Get up, come to the front,
Join the circle of rint.⁵²
Walk to meet the guest,
Who came from such a long way.

His griefs are entirely cheer and joy,
His ties are freedoms.
You gave him a seed,
He is giving you hundreds of gardens.

I am a slave of that East,
Submerged in His blessing.
Whatever is left besides His blessing
Is dirty and bad luck to me.

Close your lips, be silent like a bud,
And iris, wait to speak,
Because patience is like a key
And that is the time for that.



44.

Verse 419

*I*f the one who has a love and a desire in his heart,
Goes to the door of the heart
And the heart doesn't open the door,
There must be some reason.

Go and sit at the door of the heart,
Because that secret Beauty may
Come one early dawn.
Maybe one midnight he'll suddenly show up.

The Soul who abandons everything,
Looking only for God,
Is a peerless, wonderful Soul.

The eye that sees a different canopy
Than this has good sight.
His eye has a good reputation.

The person who is like that,
Becomes the peer of the Soul.
He will have a different
Kind of pleasure at the time of dying.

If a stone hurts his feet,
A pearl drops in his hand.
When his Soul comes to his lips
He kisses the lips of the sweet-lipped one.

Even if his crown which deserves a king
Is not visible, this fatherless,
Motherless being has great family and relations.

Be silent. Don't spread the secrets everywhere
It is possible that among the gathering of
The light-hearted, competent people
There will be one Abu-Lahab.⁵³



45.

Verse 427

Whoever has my fire
Has worn my mantle.
He is wounded like Huseyn,⁵⁴
And has a glass like Hasan's.

If his beloved moon falls in the water,
Don't worry. He parts his
Hair with his hands and reveals his face again.

Self becomes devout, but it won't change.
If you are looking for honesty and simplicity,
It only exists in the cypress of the meadow.

If a hundred moons join with the Moon,
He doesn't see.
That Beauty of Hutem⁵⁵ has a different beauty.

O Soul, the light in the sky
Is His reflection, a smiling rose,
A fresh jasmine in the garden.
All are from Him.

It doesn't matter if His candle
Is under the basin of strangers,
Even the candle under the basin
Shines on the ceiling.

You are with others, looking at us.
You should know that we have,
Besides this body, a pure soul.

If this heart gets out of hand,
Becomes smaller, or gets thin,
It is because of those twisted strands of hair.

God's Shams of Tabriz
Is the Sultan of all lions.
That lion has stayed in the forest
Of our Soul, made a home there.



46.

Verse 436

I catch your fragrance
From the tall symmetry of the cypress.
I almost see the color of your face in the Moon.

Every sugarcane comes to your temple
To wear the belt of service.
Every bit of sugar comes to be
A servant in your halva.

Every light which shines,
Comes from the glory of your face.
Wine gives good news by saying,
"Your next day is coming."

P. 73 of original Divan

The rose becomes master to the iris,
Adorning the meadow.
Because it reminds them
Of your beautiful smile.

When I run away from your love, I'm teasing.
Your love is being spread
To my head from six directions.

When I was raised from this despicable earth,
I undressed from existence.
Even in that land of Absence your voice
Comes to my ear.

Every sound is full of exaltation and instigation.
I understand this comes from your reed flute.

My night is day because of You.
My lips are dry because of You.
But I don't mind;
Your rivers are coming.

Nobody is sober under Your satin sky,
Because Your wine is coming back and forth.

I am afraid of Your oppression, Your torment,
But once they come,
I see they are also from Your sea.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
Words and thoughts are refreshing
The Soul like breezes,
That come from your valley.



47.

Verse 447

The moon that illuminates the night
Might cover His face. Let's say it did.
How could he hide His fragrance?

Even if He covers His face,
And hides His fragrance,
There are a hundred bits of evidence
Of His Spiritual manifestations.

That moon came behind the house,
Running like a thief.
But the crazy heart
Does a hundred different prayers.

Grief is like an enemy, but tell me,
"I am thinking of Him, I have affection for Him."
Then tell my heart,
"Where, where did that charmer set His trap?"



48.

Verse 451

*I*s there anything missing in the
Happiness of the one who has You?
O charmer, whose face is
More beautiful than the moon,
Is there any grief or sorrow
In the one who has seen You?

Your oppression, Your torment
Are very strong, at times
Unbearably heavy, but they are also
Painted with Your crystal color
And they are sweet.

O Beautiful One, who brings
Along a hundred moons like students,
The coyness of Houris, the gleaming
Of the holy ones are all from You.

He becomes the Sun alone,
Even if He doesn't have people walking
In front of and behind Him.
His beauty is enough for Him,
That Beauty has hundreds of drums and flags.

Many disorganized lovers slept safely
And in peace because of Your curly hair.

I told my beloved, "Don't break me
And hurt me with torment." He answered,
"If I don't break you, you'll stay
Inside of your shell like a pearl, hidden."

O crazy fool, if you don't
Crack that shell a pearl won't come out.
That pearl is the idol I worship,
Or it is in the same shape.

When the name of God's Shams of Tabriz
Appears on the paper, I make an oath to God,
He does such favors to paper and pen.



49.

Verse 459

*L*isten to the love that souls serve
Because of His cleanliness and charm;
Listen to what He is saying.
He has such an auspicious breath.

He has hundreds of armies
In the secret world of Absence.
Even though He fits into the smallest body.
He gives relief to your Soul,
Frees you from the world of existence.

If you get stuck in this mud,
Turn your face to the One
Who offers an eternal kingdom
And an eternal crown.

O Heart, you have seen the world
And been around for awhile,
Have you seen anybody
Who has an imperial edict from Love in his hand?

O one who rides over himself,
Wander around the world, then return,
Come to the Sun who has kindness in His heart.

That heart is such a heart
That He even shines mirrors.
He has hundreds of Gardens of Eden.

His love keeps saying that,
"The heart who is looking for me
Should step on every fire, like gold."

I want a Beauty with a silver body.
I want someone like me.
I am tired of the ugly rich
Who have gold and silver.

When the name of Selahaddin appears in the paper
It comes there for pity
It puts so much kindness and favors to the pen.



50.

Verse 468

That moon is so full,
So brilliant, that nobody could look at it.
Eyes won't see Him.
Soul keeps giving birth, without a man,
Just with the pleasure of His love.

Reason with the joy of His fragrance,
With the sparks of His face,
Becomes bewildered, laughs
And at the same time, bites his fingers.

I watch Him every dawn with amazement.
In any case, He doesn't show
His face unless the Soul becomes His admirer.

Whatever you see, you see
When you are not by yourself.
He doesn't even open the curtain
When you are with yourself.

Breath cannot breathe with Him,
Soul cannot be His confidant.
Thought knows that, but
Cannot be worthy of Him.

The body stayed under the curtain,
And the soul burned the curtain.
The heart has wondered about these opposite actions,
There's no way to reach and join Him.

Two strange armies in this house
Keep fighting, they can do nothing
But turn around, and never go anywhere.

If you want to save yourself
Run to the side of the Sultan.
Poison won't be poison anymore
Next to the antidote.

Stay under His tree
With His happiness,
Then the soul full of trouble
Will reach peace until resurrection.

The eye may be able to see God
Because of Sultan Selahaddin.
The heart turns his face
To an open field, and the soul gains a torch.



51.

Verse 478

You fell in love O heart.
Congratulations.
You are free from place and time,
Congratulations.

Give up the two worlds, be alone.
Eat and drink alone.
Destiny and angels will say
"Congratulations."

O brave one, you went ahead bravely;
You reached your wish today.
O devout one, who expects and waits
For tomorrow, congratulations
To you and your tomorrow.

Your blasphemy turned into faith;
Your bitterness became sweet halvah.⁵⁶
Congratulations for your halvah.

There is fighting and tumult
At the poor people's convent of the heart.
O Heart who has no hatred, no blame,
Congratulations for your fight.

The eyes who see the heart
Shed so many tears that two seas were formed.
Even the seas congratulate those eyes.

O lonely love, that Beloved
Became your friend.
O you who wanted exaltation,
Congratulations for your exaltation.

O soul who is admired,
Constantly searching, working soul,
You grew wings,
Congratulations for your wings.

Be silent. You have made a fine purchase,
Obtained very rare garments.
Congratulations for your garment.



52.

Verse 487

O Heart, give your life
For your trouble, isn't it worth it?
Lose your head, your belongings,
Isn't it worth it?

You became dizzy from the love of such a club.
Roll around in His field like a ball.
Isn't it worth it?

You have seen His ruby lips
Steal a kiss.
Now you are His ruby farm.
Get up, isn't it enough?

He became headless, footless,
Turned into a wandering dervish.
Applaud how cheaply he attained this.
Isn't it worth the applause?

You started a new fire,
You took my mind like a pawn.
I turned into soil for you
And spread out on the ground.
O my Sultan, isn't it worth it?

I fell in love,
Became your slave, your servant.
Isn't that holiday
Worth this sacrifice?

Crazy, I demolish this house.
I mean, isn't that union worth this separation?

I gave my heart to the moon.
I am joyful for his whirling.
I start turning like the sky.
Isn't it worth it?



53.

Verse 495

*T*he eye is necessary
To see wonderful, amazing things.
Soul is necessary to experience
Joy and pleasure.

The head is to become drunk
For someone beautiful.
The feet are to be tired on the road
Of the Beloved.

Love is necessary to fly to the sky.
Mind is to learn knowledge,
Manners, and modesty.

There are so many secrets,
Amazing things beyond reasoning.
The eye that got stuck in the land of reason
Is blind.

The lover who has many accusations
And a bad name is here.
When his time comes for union
With the Beloved, he will have
Hundreds of names and titles.

Going to the desert, sinking in the sand,
Fighting with lions, riding camels,
Being looted by Arabs,
All these are worth the pilgrimage.

The pilgrim kisses the black stone⁵⁷
With the hope of getting pleasure
From the ruby lips of the Beloved.

My friend, don't try to put
A seal on the money of words.
The one who has a wish, a desire,
For sure will find the gold mine.



54.

Verse 503

O merchants of the bazaar,
Sugar has arrived from Egypt.
Joseph, who is sweet like sugar,
Suddenly came from a journey.

Soul came, wine came,
The Macun⁵⁸ of salvation.
If you want something else,
That something else also came.

P. 74 of original Divan

The fruit of Jacob, fountain of Job
Have become visible through the windows.
The time for care has come.

Khidr⁵⁹ reached the Fountain of Life
With the Grace of God.
Here, look, Venus has entered
The sign of the moon by singing gazels.

The Sultan who has ascended, came.
Night was saved from need.
Sky arrived with gold in his shirt
To spread over Him.

Moses, who was hidden, has come.
Hundreds of springs started overflowing.
Soul became a staff and came,
So the body came as a stone.

Jesus doesn't like people
Who make lots of noise, who fight
And create unnecessary work for others.
Jesus doesn't eat halva in their house,
Because this is the barn for the donkey.

That spell, that abundance
Was not hidden, but destiny has
Suffered a lot, looking for it
In the six directions of the earth.

The Sultan, who never walks without a crown
Like a hoopoe, was born with the belt
On his waist from his mother, like an ant.

He has reached maturity in love.
He doesn't care for the crown or belt anymore,
Because he has received the imperial edict
From the throne of God.

Expect the rest of the words
From the Sultan who has such generosity.
Ask for news from the source of the news.



55.

Verse 514

*M*y friend, is sugar better
Than the One who made the sugar?
My friend, is the moon beautiful,
Or the One who created the moon?

Never mind sugar, never mind the moon.
He has something else,
He does something different.

There are so many amazing things
In the sea besides the pearl.
But the Sultan, who created the sea and
Made the pearls, is a different Sultan.

He keeps turning this amazing wheel constantly
With different water than this water.
He prepares food for the soul.

Even a picture of the public bath house
Cannot be drawn without mind.
Think about the knowledge
Of the One who created the mind.

You cannot make oil from suet,
Not without knowledge.
Think of the One who gave the
Power of seeing to the eye
That looks like suet.

Souls are amazed and confused,
For the assembly is set for early dawn.
They cannot eat and drink.
They don't know what to do.

What a happy night that was.
The Beloved, for whom every Moon feels longing,
Put his hands around my waist
And covered me like a belt.

The firmament will laugh at the fool
Who makes himself a donkey
For two or three donkeys.

This donkey jumps to gold
Like the other donkey does to barley.
But doesn't know the Sultan
Who changes stones to jewels.

I become silent and quit talking;
So the Beloved who gives sight to the eye
Will talk.



56.

Verse 525⁶⁰

*M*y sun, my moon came.
My ear, my eye came.
My silver body came.
My gold mine came.

The drunkenness of my head came.
The light of my eye came.
What else you ever wanted, that came.

The one who has staged a hold-up
On my way, came.
The one who broke my repentance came.
That jasmine-bodied Joseph
Suddenly came into my arms.

Old friend, today is
Better than yesterday.
I was drunk because of him, yesterday.
Today, I received news from him.

The friend I was looking for
With a candle last night,
Came my way like a bouquet of roses today.

He made a belt of his hands, embraced me, and
Held me in his arms.
I obtained an unseen belt from that Beauty
Who is the crown to every beautiful head.

Look at his garden and meadow,
Watch his wine and drunkenness.
Pay attention to his eating and assimilating,
Because my rose marmalade came.

Why should I be afraid of death,
When a Fountain of Life like him came?
Why should I be scared of reproaches
When I obtained a shield like him?

I am Solomon today, because you gave me the ring.
That crown which deserves the Sultan
Has come and landed on my head.

My suffering has gone beyond that.
I set out on a journey with love.
My God, what a happiness I get,
What a happiness.

It is time to drink wine,
I'll drink, so my mind will have lightning.
It is time to fly, because my wings have come.

It is time to shine like early dawn,
To brighten the world.
It is time for roaring,
Because my male lion has come.

Beloved, a few more verses remain,
But they took me out of myself
To somewhere else.
This world is looking awfully
Small to me from there.



57.

Verse 538

*T*he status of the Bey⁶¹
Isn't worth the pain of dismissal.
Man smiles one day,
And trembles for hundreds of years.

The one who serves a donkey,
At the end, dies for the donkey.
He became a companion of thorns
For a faded rose.

Don't try to smile until he makes you smile.
Because all the smiles come from that smile.

O you who frown, look at
The One who gives you trouble.
If you turn your face to Him,
He will put sugar in the vinegar and
Make you sweet.

O you who have fallen to the ground tired,
Look at the One who made you fall.
You turn your face to Him,
He will lift you up, again.

Because the lion is afraid
The dog living in His quarters,
Will leave behind its fear.



58.

Verse 544

*W*hen that morning of happiness shines,
The Soul starts crowing like a rooster.

The sun rises and shines.
The body is the color of dust and soil.
The Beloved comes and embraces the soul.

That poor, desperate heart,
When he hears that, this helps cheer him,
He comes dancing.

At that moment soul,
Who went to eternity, reached Absence,
And appeared with his two-folded height.

Heart, who has become pregnant, like Mary,
Starts showing coyness and flirts with me.
Body, which resembles a two day-old Jesus,
Starts talking.

Heart becomes the light of the universe.
Soul shines and sparkles.
Heart starts dancing, soul claps his hands.

Wherever God's Shams of Tabriz steps,
That place becomes free from the boundaries of space.



59.

Verse 551

Sleep comes to take your
Mind away from you.
But, how do the insane sleep?
How does he know the night?

In the mind of the insane,
There is no day and night.
He knows whatever he has.

The days and nights of this world
Result from the turning of the sky.
But the sky cannot turn
The crazy ones of the other world.

Even if the eyes in his head sleep,
He turns completely into eyes, head, and feet.
He reads the eternal writing
With his soul's eye.

If you want craziness,
Turn into a bird, become a fish.
If you fall asleep and lose your way,
How can you catch Him?

Get busy at night, be skillful
In the love of the Beloved.
Get on the road.
Your work will be in order,
Because of that scattered, curly hair.

The one you call crazy
Is a different person.
He was pregnant to the Soul.
His eyes are fixed on the Beloved.
That pregnancy doesn't resemble
The other's pregnancy.

If you want to understand this well,
Ask God's Shams.
He is such a Sultan that
He sends new lights
To the Tabriz of the Universe.



60.

Verse 559

Whoever has my heart,
Has worn my mantle.
He is wounded like Huseyin,⁶²
He has a glass of poison in his hands.

Self becomes devout, but still won't change.
If you are looking for straightness,
For plainness, ask it of the Cypress
Standing in the meadow.

You have a pure, clean Soul,
Your shape was born from that Soul.
Look for the pure Soul, devoid of shape.
See what kind of a body he has.

Look at the mirror of Soul,
It is pure from shape,
At the same time, full of shape.
Every moment it creates
A new idol, just like a shaman.

Sometimes he runs to the side of the heart;
Sometimes he worries about the mind.
With his ambition, he looks like
A man who has two wives.

How could a Sultan, who is not aware
Of the Soul become happy?
How could death, covered by
A hairy coffin, rise and show coyness?

That man is like a camel who moves his mouth
To give the impression there is food there.
But, chewing the cud, without food,
Only tires the jaw.

Be a man, be madly in love,
Dip in the pitcher full of blood.
Don't be a sometime man, a sometime woman,
That's not for humans, that's for Caylak.⁶³

Don't change from your heart's desire
By getting scared like His Moses.
Don't repent of your trouble.
The Beloved says, "You'll never,
Never see me," but stay firm
Until He says, "You'll see me."

When you are immersed in His favors
And become drunk,
You will have no grief, no worry.
How would a drunk know what the sky is saying?

Your mouth is sweetened if
The spring water is good and your heart wants it.
But pearls are in Aden's sea, not in the spring.



61.

Verse 570

O my Sultan, what is faith
In front of Your curse?
The Phoenix that passes through the sky
Is nothing but a fly in front of You.

The faith which resembles the Fountain of Life
And curses which resemble black dirt
Are all like brushwood for Your fire.

Faith is an attribute of the soul,
And this Soul is the soul, only with breath.
But, Heart is engulfed in ocean,
Is it time for breathing?

Night is the curse, faith is the candle.
When the sun rises,
The candle says to the curse,
"Let's go, nothing is left for us."

Faith is the horse of religion,
The ride is for the great Self.
But the Sultan whose customs are brand new
Doesn't need a horse.

Faith tells you, "Come here."
Curse says, "Go away."
But, when your body's candle becomes Soul,
There will be no front, no back, no here, no there.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
I stand firm on your way.
Your rank has been so high
That nothing but my hand could reach it.



62.

Verse 577

*T*he one who drinks our wine
Should be served by our Cupbearer.
With all His sweetness,
If our Cupbearer frowns, it will be proper.

That moon-faced Beauty,
With all the charms,
If he shows coyness from time to time,
I swear to God, he will
Snatch the hat of the Sultan.

O my friend, give me a full glass.
I am not senile enough to sit and wait till death
To see what this destiny will give birth to.

Order the cupbearer, that he shouldn't
Breeze by like the wind.
Offer us wine for the sake
Of the one who keeps drinking, without passing out.

That Cupbearer will wipe out hundreds
Of thoughts and worries from
Your confidant, or stranger.
The confident man neither falls into
Grief or mourning, nor offers his hand to anyone.

When he throws his hair behind,
And adorns his face,
The poor moth will burn like a candle.

When there is no life left in the moth,
He borrows new life
From that fiery soul
With a big cup.

A glass from this eternal wine
Will give you such a state
That every shape which comes into your mind
Will appear in your heart.

O Love of God,
O God's Shams of Tabriz,
The more you offer this wine,
The more abundant it becomes.



63.

Verse 586

I will dance and glitter so much
From the shine of Your sun
That every particle would remember
Me when they start moving.

With the light of your face,
Every particle becomes pregnant.
Each one gives birth to hundreds of particles.

Look at the soul in the body's mortar.
He is so much in love that
He constantly crushes and thrashes
Himself to become a particle.

Either be a pearl or coral,
Crush yourself to particles,
Because nothing but particles deserve His temple.

Look and see the pearl of Soul
Through the shell of the body.
He is tired and sick from sluggishness
And biting his fingers.

When soul flies away, that
Jailed pearl will reach his origin like other particles.
He won't come back even if you call.

He would get stuck in blood,
Burn to the extent of how strong
His ties to this jail are.
But his fur stays clean
Even if he spends his life with blood.

He won't stay anywhere
Until he arrives at the well of Babil.
The soul won't be happy
Until he becomes a magician.

O Tabriz, if Shamseddin rises
From your sign, he goes behind the clouds
Like the moon and at the same time
Adds more light to light of the moon.



64.

Verse 595

*H*ow are you? How do you do?
"How" and "What" won't be able to understand you.
Except for the Sultan, who is beyond
"How" and "What," nobody will understand you.

O my Beauty, the universe
Is illuminated by you, filled with light.
But the sky and earth won't be able
To appreciate you.

There is a wind which moves
This blue curtain,
But this is not the air
Blowing in and out.
It is a wind that only God knows.

Do you know who knits
That mantle of joy,
That mantle of grief?
How come this mantle thinks
He is different than the one who knits him?

Do you know what image
Shines in the heart of the mirror?
The only one who knows,
Is the One whose heart is clean and pure.

This universe, which resembles a flag,
Moves all the time.
Your heart sees only the flag,
Your Soul thinks air is moving it.

But, the one who knows
How air is a helpless creature,
Accepts that everything is nothing but God.

O God's Shams of Tabriz
God has so many tricks.
Without your dice, how could the Soul
Get in this difficult backgammon game?



65.

Verse 603

*T*he lover breaks his chains when
He goes to the side of Lovers.
The one who is insane keeps turning,
And tears all his measures.

How can you find fault
In the lover's careless, fast walking?
Fire from His love,
Burns all faults and mistakes.

When a youth catches that fire
What shape will he be in?
Never mind, O youth, if an older person gets this fire
It tears the mantle of piety.

If there are hundreds of curtains
In one eye, his arrow-shaped eyebrow
Pierces them all at once.

Once he breaks the egg and gets out,
The bird of every lover destroys
The remains in a hurry.

This universe is like tar,
Everybody's feet get stuck in it.
But, once the fire of love comes,
It melts the tar.

God's Shams of Tabriz
Is a Sultan of Sultans,
And at the same time a bey.⁶⁴
He is such a bey, that he will
Pull and tear every patient person's shirt.



66.

Verse 610

*T*he one whose origin is the raven
Cannot become a falcon.
How can you smell onion
From the mouth of one who just ate garlic?

The lion won't fall down
From the attack of a catamite or whore.
Can you hear the sound of Ezan⁶⁵
From the fart of a donkey?

O little one, your feet are squeezed
Small because of the
Tightness of your shoes.
Take off your shoes, relax, and expand.

Be hopeful, open the eye of Eternity.
That Sun will shine from the throne of God,
Everywhere, it will shine and sparkle.

O Harp, leave thought,
Come to the circle,
Empty yourself so that you'll
Be filled with melodies,
Give joy to the gathering.



67.

Verse 615

What a happiness for the eye.
Today I saw his face.
A new desire came and settled
In the head. Congratulations.

Roses come to the rose garden,
Laughing at the whole world.
O friend, who laughs with the rose
And hundreds like the rose,
Congratulations for your joy.

Beauties have stumbled after seeing
Your face, and fallen.
The heart also stumbled at the door
Of this house.
Congratulations for his stumble.

I saw your face like Nevruz⁶⁶
Shed tears like rain.
Congratulations to earth for that
Kind of rain in Nevruz.

Without speech or writing,
Your ear hears the voice of congratulations
From the inside.



68.

Verse 620

Even giants and angels protect
With sword and shield.
When God's order comes,
This measure will be turned upside down . . . gone.

Can you get what you expect?
The thing which comes into
Your possession sometimes becomes
A staff, sometimes a double-headed snake.

When you were sorry yesterday, saying,
"Why didn't I try to find a solution
For this problem?" the measures misled you.

Even if you took those measures,
What has happened to that project?
Hundreds of traps appear behind those measures.

"I took all those measures,
Still I failed," you said.
That lame measure didn't help, as you see.

Accept losses as food.
Be a ruby to Him; be Him.
That is the shelter, that's where to run.



69.

Verse 626

*H*ear the right news from the Prophet's words.
He said this for the believer,
"The one who believes is like a Kopuz⁶⁷."

That Sultan of Sultans came.
How nice, how beautiful.
Earth is filled with the perfume of musk and ambergris.

Since the believer is like a Kopuz for wailing,
How could the Kopuz cry without somebody
Striking him with the plectrum.

The greatest of great joys came.
Honor of the honorable joy arrived.
Everlasting favor, the Moon of moons came.

It is the custom of the Kopuz,
That it can't stand not being struck
With the plectrum.
It puts its face to the players feet and begs.

Our kingdom is our livelihood,
Our coffee comes from the throne,
Almonds and sweetmeats
Are scattered among our assembly.

Before you read the Ayat of,
"The one who hates you,
Their generation will be extinct."⁶⁸
Here are fifty gazels for you right away, five extra. . . .

God is the cupbearer; prosperity
Is permanent with Him.
Happiness is to praise Him.
O you who are afraid, don't be scared.

Soul became drunk from our
Big cup of coffee.
Earth is adorned by green and red flowers.

Be silent. Be confident that you
Will keep drinking wine at the divine assembly
Without lips, mouths and cups.



70.

Verse 636

*T*urkistan's⁶⁹ Yagmabey⁷⁰ has attacked
The land of blacks with his army.
Come to your senses, escape to
The castle of ecstasy.

How long will this black
Night give us a headache?
The Sultan of Sultan's morning arrived,
Plunged his dagger into his head.

They sacrificed the black night's oxen
To the early dawn.
For his sake the Muezzin⁷¹ calls, "Allahu Akbar."⁷²

The sky has brought out such a candle
Under the basin that
All the stars left with shame.
There is not even one star remaining in the sky.

The Sun is sick at the beginning,
But later it gets better.
It becomes more beautiful every moment.

The eye that filled with trouble,
Sits in His shade, but don't
Look to Him in that condition.

The bright-hearted preacher who puts
The particles to dancing,
Spreads so much divine light from this pulpit.

Applaud this light.
He is such a light that,
In spite of the blindness of the blind
He is visible to them,
And never covers His face.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
If I ever see anything but God
On your clean mirror,
I will become worse than a disbeliever.



71.

Verse 645

One who has been friend
And company for my soul,
Soul is in your hand.
Offer me the heavy jar,
I'm in a hurry.

The Cupbearer makes every lean one
Fat with the wine that comes without a glass.
O friend, you are quick, but become faster.

Souls are gathering at your door,
And your roof to drink morning wine.
Because of the taste of your glass
I am the first one who came here.

The wine brought by your love
Doesn't cause man to vomit.
Your love goes from heart to eye
Faster than clear light.



72.

Verse 649

*H*ow long are you going to hurt
Me with your denials?
I am not calling you
An old, dead, decayed man.

You are black like a cloud,
Except you don't have rain.
Don't blacken my day, O cloud,
Give at least one drop of rain.

All these orders came from destiny,
O ignorant fatalist.
You are unaware of the taste,
The salt of this business.

Who will tell the blind,
"Pass the thread through the
Eye of the needle?"
Nobody asks the man whose
Feet are tied to go hunting.

Who will tell a two year-old child
About wine and beauty?
Who will talk about dreamy eyes with animals?

You can't do anything,
Go and sit with the women.
Leave the circle of the One
Who plays with their soul, stay aside.

If you plunge into the sea with the power
Of God's Shams of Tabriz, who every creature worships,
And swallow the waves, at the end
You will see God very clearly with your eyes.



73.

Verse 656

O Charmer, who hides his head
After seeing me at the door,
Later, showing that narcissus
Face to me, secretly,

One moment you appear, as if to say,
"I am here."
From time to time you laugh sweetly at my confusion.

You shut the door in my face
As if to say, "Go away."
Then climb the roof and look back.

You shake your head, as if saying,
"Go away, there's a problem."
May I prostrate myself, saying,
"Don't do that to me."

I become totally eyes from head to feet.
Then you look at me stealthily only;
Many instigations and confusions
Come from your behavior.

You bite your hands, saying,
"See all these marks, because of you?"
Me? I fall on the ground,
Kiss the ground and ask your forgiveness.

When will the time come, that,
Instead of kissing the ground
I will kiss your red lips?
I will kiss and you can scratch
My pale cheeks like saffron.

O Charmer, whose infidel tresses
Are the Sultan of dark creatures,
Help, help, even faith became an unbeliever
By falling in love with your head.

When you part the hair on your face,
Even musk would fall at your feet.
When you throw curly hair behind,
The fuzz on your cheeks gives ambergris.

What a beautiful shape that is.
His sneeze brings life to the Soul.
O my Beauty, hundreds of Mani⁷³ and Azer⁷⁴
Would die for your presence.

Suddenly, lightning came, this house burned.
Doors, roof are all gone.

I said, in the middle of Absence,
"O Sultan of Sultans, with this fire
All the shapes and forms are melted, gone."

"These words also come from that lightning,"
He said, "In that flash the red rose became invisible."

"O Moon," I said, "even the Sun prostrates
Toward the sparks of your face
Like a common slave."

"Please," I said, "look at me once."
"Aren't you afraid of the fire of my face?
You are not a semender,"⁷⁵ He said.

"I close my eyes, cover myself
With a cloud of zeal,
I wear that helmet, dive in deep," I said.

"This love," he said, "will give you
Such power that you'll deserve
To look and be looked at."

"How do I know the proof
Of that promise?" I asked.
"Look at the flash of the soul
In the fire of the heart, like melted gold.

After watching the spectrum of fineness
Of the soul, while it is shining,
Get your share," he said.

I told him, "While seeing my Soul
I am scared I will lose this pearl,
It will go away from me."

O Beauty of jasmine body,
I put that pearl
In a space in my eye, that pearl
Is made by the beauty of your image.

"Don't be afraid," he said, "I am
The one who keeps telling you, you'll
Always get your share from my Beauty.
Also see the light of my Beauty."

This form of divinity is God's Shams of Tabriz.
The universe is full of his Glory.
Tabriz is brightly illuminated because of him.

He is the summary of the order, "Be."⁷⁶
You prostrate in front of Him
And hear the words "God is Great,"
From yourself, from your essence.



74.

Verse 680

O my Beloved, You are honey,
Your words are a different kind of honey.
O Love, You have a different work and trace
In every heart and Soul

In every Soul, there is a garden, a meadow
From Your face, a green smile.
There is a different bunch of musk
In every heart from Your curly hair.

The moon sometimes becomes thin, sometimes fat,
Changes into a full moon because of Your pain.
This suffering gives the moon
Hundreds of different griefs.

Your spring offers kindness and favors,
But Heart keeps trembling as if it lives in the meadow,
Afraid fall will come and bring different orders.

Salve and medicine not made
By the dirt of your door,
Cause different diseases to the eye of the heart,
Grows different hair at the eye of the heart.

Even the devil hasn't ceased expecting Your favor.
There is new hope. It shines every
Moment on him from You, and a new desire appears.

Even the Pharaoh gave up his throne.
"I believe," said my heart,
Then saw a new patch
On the mantel of soul because of faith.

If your Sun of union
Reaches the sign of Aries,
It will find another sign of Aries
At the sky of my soul.

Look at the particles on the earth,
How they move and dance.
Once this group stops, new ones come.

Light and exaltation for the Soul
Are from Him on the earth.
Time and power to grow the body,
Like a seed under the ground
Are also from Him.

How long will you speak gazels
With alphabet and forms.
Speak another gazel by soul,
Without words and forms.



75.

Verse 691

We are not the sea but
At last a grain of pearl.
We are not in front,
But we have glory and beauty.

If you offer wine, it is fine.
If not, that's alright.
The wine he gave us yesterday
Made us so drunk we have no idea
Of giving or not giving.

O Love, how beautiful, how clean
And pure you are, how great and nice.
What would happen if the gold
In our purse were lost?
At least we are in a gold mine.

O you who blame us, talks against us,
If you are vain and useless, don't touch us.
We are very drunk.

A thief who has no money,
No inheritance from his father,
If he doesn't steal, he says,
"Alright, what are we going to eat?"

We don't have much shame or modesty.
We are full of fun and joy.
We don't have a job or income.
Well, what else can we steal
Besides the Muslim's possessions.

If we took the basket away,
We would be filled with dates.
If we drink water from the Nile,
Never mind, we are sugarcane.

If the police catch us
And put us in jail,
We will drink water from
The well of the dewlap.

His well, His jail is nice.
His cupbearer is beautiful, so are His drunks.
Even the penniless people are saying
They have silver bodies.

Soul, tell the body,
"O body, be silent, close your mouth,
Your lips. Open your eyes and have vision."



76.

Verse 701

*H*alf of you is like poison,
The rest is sweet, very sweet.
For God's sake, don't look at us
Like that, don't look at us like this.

Even then, the poison you serve us
Is the source of sugar.
You are such glory, such a light.

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He has a brilliance that I cannot describe.
Even if he fell from his feet and said,
"O poor ones, come and see us better."

I am you, look at me, be like that.
O Beautiful One who is nothing but glory
From head to feet.
Don't talk about feet, don't mention the head.

When you appear in the eyes of the people
You are all appearance.
But You are more immersed in the blood
Of my heart than I am.

If you have pearls, come and see
The sea of my eyes.
If you have a touchstone,
Look at my golden face.

Don't even consider as a dog
Someone who has not reduced himself
To smallness and has become crafty
In front of God's shams of Tabriz.



Verse 708

*Y*our Soul and mine have been tied
 To each other so much, that good or bad
 We should take the same color;
 We will be the same; that's my desire.

O my charmer, O essence
 And origin of my color, my condition,
 O sugar in my load,
 O my friend, better than a load of sugar,

O Beloved, who strikes hard,
 But whose jokes heal my heart,
 I am totally annihilated,
 Completely out of myself, I become You.

You were our neighbor while
 You were showing your face.
 Then you joined the house with us, O bright moon.

Attack this house once more, like a sultan.
 All will be destroyed but You.
 The secret of "God is Great" becomes apparent.

If He makes me lost, what should I look for?
 Everybody knows gold doesn't
 Need any magic elixir to become gold.

Even copper says,
 "I became gold from the heat
 And brightness of that oven,
 Because it's heart started shining
 From that sacred fire."

When copper comes back to himself,
His pleasure becomes sorrow,
His joy turns into grief.
Then, he goes back to the temple
Of that famous elixir of magic.



78.

Verse 716

*Y*ou are in good moment. You are in good time.
Sweet as sugar.
Jamshid⁷⁷ is your slave.
The sun is spread on your footsteps.

Come this moment, amble, walk.
I swear to God that neither coyness, grace,
Nor fruit, nothing but You can fit in this place.
This is not for the sky, the moon, nor moon-faced beauty.

There is a place for no one here,
Except you, us and the Cupbearer
Who has generous hands like the sea.
Don't boil down with grief like a kettle.
Come and keep drinking, like sand.

I gave up six directions and five senses
Once I passed from that side.
I broke them altogether.
My God, who could fight that six, that five.

O beautiful one, whose time is right,
Whose breath is happy,
I was caught in your trap when I was unprepared.
When it was unexpected I fell for you
O beautiful wine, beautiful fire.

No, no, be silent, be mute.
Because this is not the kind
Of reading that Ahfesh⁷⁸ would understand.



Verse 722

*P*ull him here, this frowning
 Churlish beloved. Bring him to this side.
 Have him taste this rose-colored wine.

He hasn't drunk from this wine,
 That's why he is acting so cold.
 Even so, offer him a glass,
 Make him ripe and mature.

Why does he bring a vineyard?
 Squeeze the unripe grape. Do you know why?
 You should all know that.
 That's why he pours all these poisons.

That grape wine doesn't do anything
 But increase blindness.
 For God's sake, don't get close
 To that kind of wine. Don't bring it to the front.

It is possible that the blind one
 Is completely out of himself,
 That it won't affect him.
 That's the time to pour a handful
 Of the water of Khidr down his throat.



O nightingale, O bird of dawn,
 It's time to come and drink morning wine.
 Enter the circle of drunks with Venus
 By singing songs.

Wherever there is a confidant,
 Wake him up.
 Leave the others alone.
 They will sleep until the day of resurrection.

Speak slowly to the ear of the heart
 Symbolic words about Him,
 So even blasphemy will turn into faith,
 Spread hundreds of pearls of belief.

Lightning strikes the sky
 From the love of the Sultan,
 Burns the moon, shakes its foundation.

In the place where His grace offers miracles,
 What would striving and struggling do?
 What knowledge would understanding talk about?

Anywhere sight, the abundance of sight
 Is in control, everything moves smoothly,
 Turns to gold.
 The ball is hit by a club there,
 Without hands and arms.

God's Shams of Tabriz pulls every
 Lover's heart toward the temple of the Sultan.



81.

Verse 734

Spread that hair which has
The value of Soul, and offers Soul.
There is much musk hidden there.
Help, have mercy, spread that hair.

There are hundreds of mornings
In the night of his divided hair.
Spread that hair hundreds
Of times every moment.

Disperse that state of earth,
That happy heaven.
Rose gardens are being
Grown in the soul because of Him.

The wine ferments, overflows,
But He hides this from the people.
Spread that hair so that
Our face shines, revives from drunkenness.

Mary's heart and eyes are
Brightened from that date.
He is a sapling from that date,
Spread his hair.

My poor heart has been lost
In the curls of his hair.
It may come out someday,
Spread, scatter that hair.

God's Shams of Tabriz
Is a Jesus in the world of love.
Whoever wore zunnar,⁷⁹
Became ruined by him.



82.

Verse 741

O Joseph of the moon-face,
O charmer whose honor and beauty are pleasant!
O Husrev, O Shirin, O Beloved whose eyes
And full disposition, are beautiful!

O friend whose face resembles the moon!
Your face is like water,
But there is a fire in the water.
Your fire is an unseen fire.
Your water is a clear, pure water.

O shape and form of God's Grace,
Really, your shape and form is so beautiful.
O shape and form of divine Beauty,
Your brilliance is the greatest beauty.

O drunkenness of heads,
Become exuberant with love.
O beloved, the morning
Of His union is beautiful.
Help us to reach union with You.

Morning comes from Your face,
Nights are the shadow of Your hair.
O One whose fate and fortune
Is so beautiful, rise like the moon tonight.

You are mixed with the soul.
Either kindly let me reach your union
Or cruelly torture me with unusual grief,
O charmer whose grief and cruelty
Are also so beautiful.

The heart told me one day
"A month became a year, and came back again."
Soul said to the ear of heart,
"Your month is beautiful.
Your year is beautiful."

O Tabriz, tell the eyes of Shamseddin,
O instigator to the magician,
O one who tries them,
The beautiful one whose permissible
Magic is so beautiful.



Verse 749

What would rejuvenate my soul?
 To reach and be with You, O Beloved.
 What makes a patient well?
 Change his whim, his temperament.

You take him in your arms, embrace him,
 But he won't be satisfied or contented.
 Do you know what makes him content?
 To reach You, to be with You.

Can ten days thirst be satisfied
 With a jar of water?
 Only if he is immersed in Your water for repletion.

He tried to reach you,
 But was unable to ask to be happy again with
 The pleasure of last year's togetherness
 Because of shyness.

Man plans for something,
 But fate smiles at that.
 O man who falls in the sleep
 Of ignorance, in order to attain
 That goal, try to reach Him, be with Him.

Because with union, an earthen brick
 Becomes a big house.
 Pieces of garment become a dress.

Even one thorn becomes hundreds
 Of rose gardens
 In union with the meadow of love
 Of God's Shams of Tabriz.



84.

Verse 756

*H*is face is beautiful.
His hair is beautiful,
Coming down his forehead,
Twisted and curly.
A hundred mercies to your soul, your faith.

Every moment is sweeter
Than the previous moment.
Coyness and grace appear in different charms.

When the wind blows the curls
Of his hair, hundreds in China and Indochina
Will disappear in their waves.

His beauty struck the moon
On the face, on the head.
His poor ones make fun of Kharun.⁸⁰

O my eye, my light,
Lose yourself in that indescribable moon
Which keeps smiling.
Hold your breath, watching Him constantly.

His fountain of life turns hundreds
Of skies like a wheel.
Hundreds of mountains enter His service
In front of His serious, dignified look.

Are you stupid, O crafty one?
Why have you remained here?
Go hunting, see the falcon acting like a king.

If soul doesn't have a horse
It goes to His temple by limping.
That rider puts the soul on the back of His saddle.

If he doesn't have feet,
He puts a head-band on his head,
Lies down on the bed, puts
His head on the pillow.
That Sultan comes to his side like a doctor.

Love is all One but appears in
Hundreds of different shapes.
I have been crazy for His games and jests.

That unseen beauty, that charmer came
With the form of love to the soul
To help the soul beautify
And find peace with His presence.

He set an unseen calendar
With the destiny of months and years.
Look for that calendar in the Wa Tin.⁸¹

O my life, if the Sun kills someone
With its sword, He sets his coffin
His dowry, by its light.

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Following His way,
Ferhad went to the mountain
To change marble to ruby with his mace.

O Player, you make a tune of this.
I'll be silent. You hear the clamor
Of Him from the melodies.

Be silent. The walnut and almond
Halva has been brought in front of us.
One will pray, the other will say, "Amen."



85.

Verse 772

*G*o. Go away. You are not a lover,
 O one of little hair, little self.
 O one who is reluctant and angry,
 O poor man, whose feet are decorated with bangles.

Since you are in that shape,
 How could your poor hair, your side lock
 Wriggle with the fear of death?
 How could your poor little
 Arms and wings fly to the sky?

O delicate-hearted, spoiled darling,
 Try to gain heart,
 Because when you are separated from
 Your dear gold, your dear belongings,
 Heart is the only thing which
 Will remain with you.

Why are you torn to pieces
 And full of foreboding?
 O one whose heart is squeezed like
 The poor Mim's eye,
 O you whose neck is bent like Dal.⁸²

You are Rustem-i Destan.⁸³
 Why are you afraid of Zal?⁸⁴
 God will save you from the fear
 Of that kind of poor Zal.

I saw you in my dream last night.
 You were a little bit drunk,
 Floating up in the sky in a playful mood.
 This dream, I believe, will come true.

You were floating in the sky,
You were saying, at the same time,
"O Venus, look at me, watch me.
I am drunk, free from your good and bad luck."

Poverty, at the same time sorrow, grief
And not much wine for the drunk.
Go and serve one short year
With the one who has a moon-face.
Free yourself from these troubles

Pass through seven skies.
Don't mind the spell of Saturn,
Never mind all those astrological signs and words.

I have a mantle of solar rays,
Ruby, like pearls from mohair.
Why do I need a mantle, a shawl?
Do I cover myself with that?

I told an Arab friend of mine,
"Look at my wet eyes."
He answered me and said
With a half-smile, "Don't fool me."

I was talking and at the same time
Planning a hundred deceits in my heart.
He asked me, "How long will you be hiding?"

Be silent, look at the sultan,
Because you are a white falcon,
Not a nightingale who is bereft of words.



86.

Verse 784

Look at this phony man, this liar.
He poses on the saddle of his horse, boasting,
His gold-decorated turban on his head.

He denies death and asks,
"Where is it? Where is it?"
Death comes from six directions, saying,
"Here I am. Here I am."

"O Donkey," Death tells him,
"Where is that glamour, pretension, that swagger?
Where is your big nose, your pride, your hates?"

Where are those beauties?
Where is the joy, the fun?
To whom did you give the carpets and rugs?
Your pillow is a brick.
Your mattress is the ground now.

Quit eating and drinking.
Quit resting and sleeping. Look for real faith
So you may go to the kingdom
Where there are no rules and restrictions.

Don't leave the soul without zeal.
Don't turn this bread to manure,
O poor man who lost pearls in the manure."

We are all locked in the place
Which is filled with manure,
Looking for pearls.
O one who is so proud and pompous,
Bend your back, your neck,
Search for pearls.

Wherever you see a man of God,
Be of service to him, behave.
If you are in grief and suffering,
Don't make faces.

These words are to blame myself.
I am that man.
How long am I going to
Talk about this one or that one?

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
You are the fountain of life.
That water is found only
In your attractive eyes.



Greetings to you, O soul.
 Every dawn, hundreds of greetings
 While you are talking or in silence.

From the soul's point of view
 You are completely clean.
 For the flesh, you are nothing
 But pretension and deceit.
 You are a rose which heals the broken ones.
 Greetings to you from the thorns.

I am a Turk, drunk,
 Girth on my arms, like a Turk.
 I went to the village
 And said to the chief,
 "Greetings to you."

He offered me a glass of wine and told me,
 "Hold this valuable gift,
 Keep it safe, be careful." I said,
 "Greetings to you."

I told him, "I am crazy, insane,
 Always in the fire, like Abraham."
 I thank my God, my Owner and say,
 "Greetings to You."

When I am outside, the universe
 Is filled with my greetings.
 When I entered the cave with
 The beloved, I said, "Greetings to you."

There is His art, His work
 In every form and every shape.
 And good night, O sneaky one
 "Greetings to you."

David says, from the throne,
"I will be sacrificed for you."
Mansur greets you from the gallows.

The one who is longing for your praise
Greets you without expecting anything.
The one who is in need, sends
Greetings from helplessness.

The king salutes you with flag and drums.
Sick ones move their tongue to greet you.

I pawned my clothes when I drank
The wine of soul. I have been undressed from my being
So that the drunk will see and greet me.

This year has been so nice and lucky
Because of your moon face.
Don't turn back and greet last year.

Every string wished health to the next
On the harp of fate because of the
Pleasure of your plectrum.

The Birds of Abraham⁸⁵ were scattered,
Their necks were cut coming forth
From that world bringing good health
And greetings to you.

I let a torrent of words flow,
Read Sura Qaria,⁸⁶ left my work, my business.
O work and business, greetings to you.



Verse 810

I thank God, this heart
 Is better today than yesterday.
 Today my heart has a different
 Color from this love.

He was drinking wine
 Under the rose sapling yesterday.
 That's why this heart
 Is upside-down today.

The reed of love has been
 Wailing that tune a long time.
 That heart turned into sugar from
 The pleasure of that reed of love.

O my beauty, O one who is dressed so neatly,
 I will become a belt for you.
 This heart has embraced you like a belt.

O sea of sweetness and pleasure,
 This body has turned into shell.
 The heart is a pearl from the nourishment
 I received from your water.

God's Shams of Tabriz shines
 Brightly like the sun, with the light of his sun,
 This heart turned into early dawn.

Every house of the faithful has
 Been demolished by your love.
 Because of this confusion, that heart has
 Run to the roof, taken shelter under the door.



89.

Verse 817

I look sleepy but I am fully awake,
Aware of everything.
I am out of myself,
But in Your business, I am all there.

I join the ones who are
Crushing Your grapes, because of You.
I entered the trough of love,
Kept crushing Your grapes.

You see only my feet,
You don't see the grapes.
Take a glass of juice, drink,
Understand I am crushing the grapes.

If you keep kicking the floor,
Come to the trough of soul,
Swallow waves in the depth of the juice.

This wine doesn't make you sick,
Doesn't make your head dizzy.
Come and taste my wine.

Your wine makes you drunk,
Gives you a hangover.
I know what you have,
But I don't want to reproach you.

O my kept bird, don't look
At the trap you are in.
See the one who set the trap.
That way you will learn
To search for the truth.

Even a trap as deep as
The bottom of a well,
God can change into heaven.
If it is full of thorns and garbage,
God can make that place a rose garden for me.

When Joseph fell into the well,
News came to him, "I will take care of you,
O My tired one, O My sick one.

I am preparing your medicine,
I am cleaning your tent.
I am making opposites from the opposite.
My power reaches everywhere.
I am mighty, overpowering."

"I order stone to come to life.
I make nothing into something.
I ask the garden and meadow to turn into winter.
Do you acknowledge Me now?"

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
You are the light of day.
I resemble the night
Which comes after the day.



90.

Verse 829

I don't take my hand from You
For one moment, because
You are my job, my business.

I taste Your sugar, drink Your sherbet,
I have been trying to untie Your feet.
I am Your prey, my heart is sick.
You are the lion eating my heart.

My soul and Yours look like
They've become one. I made an oath to that Soul,
I am tired of anybody else.

I am like a bouquet of flowers,
A bundle of grass from the garden of Your beauty,
A kulah⁸⁷ made by Your grace and kindness.

This universe is made up of thorns
Spread over the walls around You.
I keep chewing, torn with hope
To smell the rose of Union.

If the thorn is like that,
How is Your rose garden, O Beauty
Whose mystery wipes out all my secrets?

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O my life, even in the sky,
The moon becomes a partner to the sun.
I understand that You won't
Leave me alone at the gathering of strangers.

I went to see a dervish,
He told me, "God is your help."
It looks like, with his prayer
A sultan like you has become my helper.

I have seen the whole world,
Like the pictures on the wall
Of the public bath.
O Beautiful One who snatched
My turban and ran,
I will still look for You, attach to You.

Every race goes to His group
By dragging their chain.
What race do I belong to, that
I got stuck here in this trap.

Beloved, you have been turning
Around my heart like a thief.
O my deceitful beauty, I know
What you want, for what you are searching.

You hide a secret candle under
Your dress, O beloved,
You want to burn my barn, my harvest,
That's what you want.

O my rose, my rose garden,
O my health, my sickness,
O my Joseph's face,
O the demand of my trade,

You are turning around my heart.
I keep turning around your door.
I am like a pelker,⁸⁸ I turn dizzy.

I deserve grief and sorrow
If I start telling the story
Of grief and sorrow in front
Of Your beautiful face.

These people would dance
With the tambourine of Hikmet.⁸⁹
But until Your tune is played,
Nobody will start dancing.

The sound of the tambourine is hidden.
The dance of the people is evident.
The spot I scratch is obvious,
But the One who scratches is hidden.

I would be silent with my jealousy,
Because I became a cloud spreading sugar.
I don't rain anything but sugar.

I am in water, in soil, in fire.
I blow with the wind.
These four elements are around me,
I am not out of them.

Sometimes I am a Turk, sometimes an Indian.
Sometimes I am from the land of Rum,
Other times, I am a Negro.
O my life, both my denial, and my acknowledgment
Come from You.

Now, I don't give a headache with my body.
In appearance I am here,
But the Tabriz of my heart and soul
Are with God's Shams.



91.

Verse 850

He cracked everybody's head,
Then he frowned, complaining of a headache.
He has snatched the mantle
Of destiny, then complained, "I am naked,
I don't have anything to wear."

Alas, for that stony heart,
Alas, for his different coyness and flirtation.
But he is not the one who is like stone.
It is me; I instigate the world
And provoke everybody.

I am at the bottom of a sea of blood,
I became drunk drinking that blood.
But I am so nice, so cheerful
That it looks like I am
The juice of the grape, not blood.

O Love, You are so big, so great,
That the sky cannot contain You.
How come You fit into this invisible heart?

You jumped into the house of the heart,
Closed and locked the door
So nobody could come in.
I am the glass that covers the candle,
Or I've become the light, the brilliance.

This body is like a pregnant black woman.
This heart is a beauty of Rum inside her womb.
That's why half of me is musk
And the other half is camphor.

You took my heart.
I am looking for it in others
Without perceptibly looking.
But I am not one who has no sight.

O my dear, if some day, when I die,
My pale face is buried,
A yellow rose will grow next to my tomb.

Didn't Solomon hear the complaint of an ant?
You are a Solomon, in a sense and
I am like an ant.

Didn't I ask you, "Why are you crying
And moaning? You have hundreds of honeycombs."
I wear the same mantle as the honeybee.
I make honey at the same time I cry and moan.

I wail from this suffering,
But I wouldn't change His incurable
Wound for a hundred glories.

I cry out like a harp,
Because I am the nightingale of the rose garden.
I curl, wriggle like a snake
Because I am next to the treasure.

I am reminded by you that, "You say
I am great, I am full of self."
I say, "No, I am not great, have no self.
My 'self' comes from You,
My greatness is a reflection of Your greatness."

I am raw, cooked, and burned,
Laughing and crying.
Sometimes I wonder if I amaze people.
I am in union, and at the same time, separated.



Verse 864

*I*t doesn't matter whether
 Its hard for me to learn
 Or if I have a crooked mouth.
 I am your student.
 I want to learn to smile from your smiling lips.

O Source of understanding and feeling,
 Don't you want a student?
 What should I do in order
 To be accepted and stay with you?

Make a spark through the opening of the door
 So I can see your face.
 I will light hundreds of candles
 From this fire and enlighten everything.

One minute you say, "I am a tithe collector,"
 And take all my belongings.
 The next minute, you go in front of me, saying,
 "I am your guide."

Sometimes you push me to sin,
 Other times you lead me to regret.
 You twist my beginning, my end,
 Because I am like hamza, in words of hamza.⁹⁰

I look like a fish in the pan,
 Frying first on one side then the other,
 At the bazaar.

You are the one who turns me
 From side to side in the pan.
 I am brighter than the day
 If I am with you at night.

In work or in business, in thought or in a dream,
I am too tired to change from one situation
To the other. One minute I am turquoise blue,
The next I become happy.



93.

Verse 872

I have such a shape,
Who do I look like, Hodja?
One moment, I look like a fairy.
In the next moment, I am calling the fairies.

With the fire of longing, I am altogether.
Sometimes I am a candle, illuminating
The gatherers. I am light. I am smoke.
I am organized and scattered at the same time.

I won't twist or pull anything
Except the ear of the heart's rebab.⁹¹
I won't strike anything with the plectrum
Except the harp of happiness.

I am like sugar or milk.
I beat myself, then hold on.
When my craziness comes,
I keep shaking my chains.

Hodja, what kind of bird am I?
I am neither a partridge nor a falcon,
I am not beautiful, nor ugly,
Neither this nor that.

I am neither a merchant in the bazaar,
Nor a nightingale of the rose garden.
Hodja, give me a name, so I can
Call myself by that name.

I am neither a slave nor free.
I am neither candle nor iron.
I have neither given my heart to anyone
Nor have I become anyone's beloved.

Neither my good deeds nor wickedness are from me.
They are from Him,
Wherever He pulls me, I go.



I became Solomon in love,
 A friend of the birds.
 I have the love of a fairy.
 Sometimes I am the one who calls the fairy.

Whoever has a fairy-like disposition,
 I grab, put him inside of a bottle.
 I cast a spell; I scare him with my sword.

I am in terror of that business.
 I am all together; at the same time
 I am out of myself.
 Sometimes I talk and other times keep silent.
 I am a blackboard for the one who is silent
 And the one who talks with silence.

Alas, Mary changed to different
 Colors and different conditions.
 Alas, that I cannot wait anymore
 For that situation.

How did I become colorless
 Because of that color?
 I turned into a hanging bunch of grapes
 Because of that curly hair falling on his forehead.
 My God, I have scattered, vanished
 Like a moth because of that candle.

I said, "O Moon, you are soul
 Today, you have another beauty."
 "Go," he said, "Don't look at me
 With the eyes of humans."

O Hodja, if you are a man,
Why do you fall for all this illusion and worry?
My soul is filled with the smoke
Of your fire of greed.

Either become a crazy, insane Lover,
Or go away from us.
Don't come to this curtain with your Being.
I will cover your face with it.

I am blood and also milk.
I am a child and old as well.
Slave, at the same time, master.
I am this and that.

I am Shams who distills sugar,
Also the land of Tabriz.
I am the cupbearer, as well as the drunk.
I am famous to all
And, at the same time, hidden from all eyes.
Nobody sees me.



95.

Verse 890

Come, come to our gathering.
Then we will continue our drink.
Don't treat me so bitterly,
So that I'll become a load of sugar.

O charmer, I plunged into your
Shapeless, colorless love.
Pull me out of this jar,
So I can cover myself with another color.

My heart is smaller than the eyes
Of the Mim, because I am expectant,
I am in fear. I look like half
A divided circle, like the moon.

O you who became sultan for
Hundreds of foot soldiers because of
The king of soul, ride your horse.
I will carry the cover of your saddle.

I was concerned. I was good and bad
Because of the wind of obstinacy.
I was with myself.
But, I swear to God, from now on
I will be much more absorbed in You.

I am secure because of you.
O moon-faced one, I reached confidence
Thanks to you.
I hope I will have safety on this side,
Or I follow a dangerous road.

The cypress bent down for me.
The rose garden received munificence from me.
Faith has flown away from me.
I am afraid to fall in the way of blasphemy.

You have such an eye that
You are making a shield out of arrows.
If you throw your arrow,
How can I protect myself?

God's Shams of Tabriz is the top
And the bottom of my love.
I made my soul up and down
With his love.



96.

Verse 899

Don't lose your way by trying
To be visible in this world of existence.
In the valley of the brave, it is not only you,
Your shoes will also disappear.

Try to be annihilated in this world full of fire,
Pay attention and see, even the ermin
Is killed by arrows for its fur
In this world of existence.

You are the leader of wakefulness
Under the sky of this fire,
But, at the end, no head or tail
Remains in you.

Your distress increases in time,
So does your trouble.
At the end you will be destroyed,
Reach the holiday.
Your drum will be banged, tu-dum.

Understand the wretchedness of my words.
O piece of wood, go to the fire.
Read me a verse of "It won't be anybody from
You that won't stop there."⁹²

What else will grow in this valley
But a mouthful of morsels for the table?
How could a donkey whose nails
Are made by wool fly to the sky?

Even if he flies like a vulture,
Earth's gravity will bring him down.
Everything turns around
And comes back to its origin.

If you are a man, go toward that
Secret jewel. It is like the fountain of life
In this jar-like body.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
We will stay and incubate like an egg
Beneath your wing until
You tell us to get up.



Verse 908

Since I fell in love with this Beloved,
 I am busy and at the same time, idle.
 My head is spinning, my feet
 Are fixed to the ground.
 I look like a compass.

I am mad with the moon and earth-like Mars.
 I am ashamed and bored with
 This golden glorious sky.

If you are close to me, O my friend,
 Come and see me.
 See how I am in deep ecstasy.
 Why do you ask secrets of me?
 I am already known, exposed.

That lion doesn't drink anything
 But blood from the lover's heart.
 I am the son of that lion.
 I am looking for a heart
 From which to drink blood.

I am sick, that's why you are praying the Fatiha.⁹³
 But, my friend, don't you see I am sick from Fatiha.

People put Hallac on the gallows
 For a few symbolic words of truth.
 I have such unendurable secrets,
 That if Hallac were alive,
 He would put me on the gallows.

O Hodja, if you don't want
To acknowledge me, don't.
I am not telling you anyway.
I don't wash corpses.
I don't scratch rocks.

O you who denies God's
Shams of Tabriz, to whom the universe
Became a slave and servant,
I am already sick and tired
Of the acknowledgments of blind people, like you.



98.

Verse 916

I have no heart, no hand.
My feet are also tied with your love.
Yet, I have broken so many ties,
Freed myself from so many bonds,
O my smiling beauty, go easy, I am drunk.

At the assembly of admiration,
A glass was offered to me
Like a soul from the Sultan.
Who do you know?
Be easy, I am drunk.

O my soul, come closer a moment.
Don't hurt me anymore.
O my cheerful charmer,
Go easy, I am drunk.

O cupbearer of the Beloved,
Never mind this clumsy, heavy soul.
Steal from the monks, offer wine slowly.
I am drunk.

You are unconventional.
You are in front of religion, indifference, and rakishness.
Why do you stay behind the curtain hiding yourself?
Come out slowly, I am drunk.

O wine, I became worse than you.
I am more wine than you are.
I am more exuberant, overflowing.
Then you be easy, I am drunk.

I am the same kind with
The boiling, overflowing wine.
I am with the one who sells their mantle.
Why should I hide or cower from the Beloved?
Go easy, I am drunk.

I went beyond myself, chose your love.
Then I saw I am annihilated.
Go slowly with me because I am drunk.

I am the light of Enoch's soul.
I even dressed like a monk
And fooled the people.
Go easy, I am drunk.

In the creed of the one who is free
From the restriction of religion,
Even the indifference of knowledge is worthless.
This is empty air for them.
Go easy, I am drunk.

O one who stirs hundreds
Of instigations and deceits,
The time is late.
Drunks are dropping into drunken slumber.
Also, take those young ones away.
But be easy, because I am drunk.



I came to start trouble,
 To fight the gathering of Rustem,⁹⁴
 To sit and break hundreds of glasses.
 Come slowly, because I am drunk.

O one who keeps talking nonsense,
 Who plays a drum and laughs
 Who became a donkey and a donkey's slave,
 Come slowly, because I am drunk.

O wise one who sits awkwardly and stays,
 O one whose face is darker than a blacksmith,
 Come and see my charmer, watch him, but
 Come slowly, because I am drunk.

You're almost like a wooden man.
 You should approach, come closer.
 You may become alive and see
 Hundreds of blood-filled Tigris rivers.
 Come slowly, because I am drunk.

Don't be lazy O cupbearer,
 We haven't drunk it all, we still have wine.
 Fill this with pure, clean wine, give it to us, but
 Come slowly, because I am drunk.

The ones who fall in grief
 And sorrow on this road
 Are fools or people with no sense, but
 Come slowly, because I am drunk.

God's Shams, free from everything,
 Tabriz, clear and pure wine,
 I have fallen down until the Day of Judgment, but
 Come slowly, because I am drunk.



100.

Verse 934

When I see Your face in the mirror
I start talking, but the mirror
Doesn't want to be misted over with the breath of words.
Alas, my words, alas.

I see You in the water,
I reach for You with my hand,
The water ripples, becomes muddy,
So does my work and business.

O friend, even the word "friend"
Doesn't fit between us.
If I try to say, O Beloved,
I am unable to say "O Beloved."

Even "Ah," goes back to the place
From which it comes.
I closed the road to my mouth,
I can't wail.

Even if I wail "Ah," that's
Because I can't see that Moon when
It is covered by clouds.
O my charmer of the full moon,
Certainly it is more pleasant
To look at the moon.



I told one charmer, whose face
Is like the moon, that
"I have hundreds of different
Pleasures and joys because of You."
He answered me, "I have a hundred more
Amazing things besides that."

"Show me some reason to hang on,
To be ahead in this game," I said.
"I came to this game from beyond reason," he answered.

Each community comes from one tribe,
Close to one nation.
I am close with the grief of Your love.

O Glorious One who is loved and admired,
Settle down by my eyes,
Don't be absent from my sight.
I achieved the things that are desired, wished for,
With the Kingdom of that Glory.

I am such a person, that every one
Of my sighs raises the sky, burns it with flame.
I obtained this hot, angry fire from that blazing love.



O Love, you turned my sleep upside down.
 My sleep has been spoiled
 With the blood of my heart.

To look for the source of sugar
 And bring it over, among other thoughts,
 Made my sleep melt like sugar at
 The time of evening which
 Is pregnant with many incidents.

I have turned into something like
 His eyebrow. I resemble a new moon.
 Without reaching the favor of His union,
 I became thinner.
 It is impossible to sleep at this phase of the moon.

In spite of all these times, I am awake.
 When night comes, I beg that Love
 To take my sleep away.

When sleep sees me, it can't sit with me.
 It runs away, finds somebody else to overwhelm.

Love belongs to the Kingdom of Heaven.
 Greatness, love of purity, took
 Sleep out of my human eyes.
 For that reason, whenever I was able,
 I kept my friends with me and kept them awake.

If you are a lover, if you are
 Seriously in love, follow me.
 I don't feel sleepy until early dawn,
 And I don't sleep.



103.

Verse 951

I am a painter.
I paint beautiful paintings
Every moment. When I see You,
I destroy them in front of You.

I paint hundreds of paintings,
Give them life.
But when I see You,
I throw them in the fire.

You are either a cupbearer serving wine,
Or the enemy of mind and sobriety,
Destroying every house I build.

Soul has been spread and broken,
Ran toward You and merged with You.
I smell You from the soul,
That's why I should caress and love the soul.

My blood flows on Your soil, says,
"I am the same color as Your love."

Soul is devastated in this
House of mud, without You.
Beloved, either You come home,
Or I'll destroy the house from its foundation.



I don't repent of that guilt.
 I even resent and avoid the ones
 Who repent of that guilt,

O my soul, Majnun did not
 Repent of his love of Layla.
 I have hundreds of Laylas,
 Majnun's loves are my secrets.

What kind of love is it that has
 No head, no feet, no beginning, no end.
 I am the lover and also the beloved.
 I wail, I am sick, and at the same time,
 I am the cure for the sick.

The thought that flew away
 Has already left this burned love.
 Because I am sometimes a narrow cage,
 Sometimes Jafar-i Tayyar.⁹⁵



Verse 961

I went to the doctor of soul and told him,
 "Take my pulse, examine me.
 My heart doesn't belong to me, I am sick,
 I am in love and drunk at the same time.

I have hundreds of different problems.
 I wish it was one.
 Even with all these troubles,
 I keep searching beyond this."

He asked me, "Haven't you died?"
 I said, "I was dead, but when I smelled
 Your scent I jumped out of my grave."

O beautiful one, who has divine beauty,
 O charmer, who belongs in God's East,
 O Joseph of Canaan, who made me cut
 My hand while watching your Beauty,

He approached me slowly, nicely,
 Put his hand to my heart and asked,
 "Where are you from? How are you?"
 I said, "I am from here, my situation is like that."

When I started to argue, he offered
 Me a glass of wine. Fire came to my pale face.
 I gave up the fight.

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Then I took my clothes off,
 Became crazy, insane with drunkenness,
 Entered the circle of drunks
 And sat on the right side.

I've worn hundreds of kinds of garments.
I have shown hundreds of different exuberances.
I spilled hundreds of cups, broke hundreds of bowls.

That tribe worshipped the golden calf.
If I didn't worship Love,
I would become a toy calf made of wool.

That Divine Sultan is calling me.
I am a falcon, He pulls me
To the height of His Kingdom.

You tied my feet, Beloved.
I am Your drunk.
Either as the arrow or the string of the bow,
I am in Your hand, Beloved.

If I fly off into space its because of You.
If I am drunk its because of You.
If I come down, You lowered me down.
If I exist, I exist because of You.

You made me drunk, let me dance around.
When You closed the top of the jar,
I shut my mouth.



106.

Verse 974

O One for whom I became drunk from this grief,
Yes, I am drunk, I broke the glass.
I also broke all the promises I made yesterday.
I am saved from all of them.

Break all your thoughts with the glass, Beloved.
Because, I've become prey for that cupbearer today.

I am mature now, I threw him off the roof.
His meeting, his talks were all a trap.
I was caught.
I don't have anything to do with the trap anymore.

A snake jumped out of my hand,
Ran to the mountains and entered a cave.
Now I have employment again. Thanks a hundred times.
These thanks became my trade.

There are many black scorpions in human shape,
But we are protected from them.
That's why I am giving thanks.



*H*odja, greetings to you,
 I want to start a journey.
 I have found a passage,
 A road on the roof of the sky.

Soul decided to return to its origin.
 Eye returned to the place
 Where sight was given to it.

Now the torrent is carrying
 Me to my destination.
 How thirsty my heart was,
 Burned by the separation from that sea.

I will ride my horse like a Turk
 With joy to the door of Hakan's⁹⁶ temple,
 Because He gave me a belt
 As big and wide as a nomad's tent.

I disappeared under the sun like a shadow.
 I reached nothingness.
 For that reason, I follow Him like the moon.
 Like a ruby, I have different sparks,
 A different love by His heat and light.

Never mind my shell, even if
 He breaks my essence, my marrow.
 I am still marrow and essence, quite fresh.
 Even if He breaks me like a reed,
 I have lots of sugar.

My feet are tied like a cypress,
 Like an iris, but I am free.
 I am like stone, like iron
 But I have sparks in my heart.

O Charmer of my heart,
I am losing my manners, my modesty,
But the things I obtain from you
Are enough for me, forever.

O my Master, I don't have any more patience.
Don't leave my heart, don't push me away.
Your separation is intolerable.

O Love, You let me know you
Are coming, welcome, come.
If I am kept away from You,
To whom would I be close?
Who will give me peace and tranquillity?

Even if I die and am put in a coffin,
My food is still Your love.
I appear human,
But I am nourished with angel's food.

Master, how auspicious you are.
Nobody has your beauty.
Nobody could kiss your lips.
Nobody could talk about your lips.
I mention your name every night.
I keep telling your stories.⁹⁷

O generous sultan, who has
A temper like the sea,
You tell the rest of it.
I'll close my mouth like a shell.
I mean, I have a pearl inside of me.



O drunk cupbearer, take
 The glass away from my hand,
 I am drunk.
 I got out of the circle of sober ones,
 I am free of them.

Separation is the opposite of the rind⁹⁸
 I am either at the top or bottom.
 You color yourself with the same color, my hodja.

Anything you think about war,
 I am separate from.
 Anything about love, I am that, I am there.

Since I have fallen into your love,
 I stay out of all feuds.
 I am at peace with you.

Accept me like spinach,
 Cook me sweet or sour.
 Whatever I am cooked with,
 I reached You, I mixed with You.

His musical instrument has been idle.
 It is all my fault, that instrument
 Was always ready to be played,
 I first came as a drunk.

You are drunk, and so am I.
 Our drunkenness is mixed with each other's.
 We are like mortar and pestle,
 We look like two, but, in reality, are only one.



109.

Verse 1000

*T*he cupbearer was my Sultan,
That's why I drink more than anyone else.
I felt dizzy from drunkenness.
I started acting funny, did all kinds of wrong things.

When the cupbearer who tied my feet
Saw me like that, he came and held my hand,
Kissed my pale face.

I said, "You are the Sultan, You are Soul,
Worth hundreds more.
You are the salt pan, but I brought
You a different saltiness.
You were attractive, but I brought
A different charm for You.

The place has been filled
By noise and fights because
Of that pure, clear wine cup.
But, I am not afraid of that,
I am the one who makes all the trouble.

Either thirsty or sleepy,
I don't drink without Him.
Either in a pair or alone,
I am matched to His sight.

I am a green branch, but
How could I move without wind?
I am the shadow of that cypress.
If the cypress was not there,
What would I turn around?

If I become a cloud, that moon
Is the source of light for the heart of the cloud.
If I am a man, that Sultan is the Sultan of man.

That Charming Sultan was about to leave.
"Kindly," I said, "Sit a little bit longer,
O drunkenness of every particle of mine,
O answer to my troubles."

The Sun at the sign of Aries is nothing,
O One whose head is in infinity,
O Beloved, with whom all my
Warmth and cold disappear.

I have fallen in Your basin,
Because I drank Your wine.
I am the dice of that backgammon.
Because of that I was dropped
In Your bowl like a glass ball.

If He is not the One who excites
And makes me talk, I'll be silent, quit talking.
He is the rider, I am only dust under His feet.



Verse 1011

*I*f you don't want to sleep,
 You sit, I'll go to sleep.
 You keep telling your story, I finished mine.

I finished that story.
 I have so much sleep
 I stagger like a drunk falling down.

Either asleep or awake,
 I am thirsty for that Beloved
 Whose image is always my company.

I am like a mirror which depends on that face.
 Because of that, I show His attributes,
 I hide His attributes.

When He smiles, I smile.
 When He is exalted, scattered, open,
 I am the same.

You tell the rest. Those pearls
 Of meanings that I have been threatening
 Are in Your threat, come from Your sea.



111.

Verse 1017

I am out of myself, but I want
To go beyond that, I could say to your eyes,
"Here, that's what the drunk is like.
I want that kind of drunkenness."

My Beautiful Beloved grabbed my neck
And asked me what I wanted?
"That's all I want," I said.

I neither want a crown nor a throne.
I want to kiss the ground at your temple.

I want to tell my secrets to the breeze at dawn.
I want to make him my company.
But really, if I want a great confidant,
I should discuss it with Him.

I grabbed the doorknob of the place
They wear ihram,⁹⁹ I am at Harem.¹⁰⁰
Out of all disasters, I was dropped into
A drunken slumber in which You put Your seal on me.
I want the imprint of Your ring.

O my Soul, there is another moon
Hidden in my heart. I know this very well.
I now have Knowledge of Certainty, (*ilm al-yaqin*)
But, I want to see neat and clear.
I want to reach Vision of Certainty. (*Ain al-yaqin*)



112.

Verse 1023

I pawned my mantle.
I am a stark naked person of the tavern.
I sold all my belongings and spent the money.
I am a guest of the tavern.

O beautiful-faced player, play, sing,
Clap your hands and say,
"You are the man of prayers,
I am the rind ¹⁰¹ of the tavern."

O one who is tied to the designs of the body,
You want to see me, but you cannot see the Soul.
I am the Soul of the Tavern.

I am fond of neither eating nor drinking,
Nor have I made this my problem.
I am tired of this eating and drinking.
I am at the head of the table in the tavern.

I am the crony of the Sultan.
Really, I am Solomon.
I turned completely into faith.
I am the faith of the tavern.

In this no-good place, I played,
Sang with your love, got drunk.
I saw someone and asked, "Who are you?"
"I am the sultan of the tavern," he said.

Wherever I am, I drink from the same cup with Him.
Wherever I walk around, I am in the same tavern.

You must have evidence for that claim.
You said, "I'll show you one better
Than you ask.
I am the evidence, evidence of the tavern."

I lost my gold and silver, but I lean
Against the jasmine-bodied Beauty.
I am in His arms.
I don't have any property, good.
But I've become all the belongings of the tavern.

O cupbearer, who became Soul to my soul.
You watch out for my ruined heart.
I fell and was ruined in the tavern.

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"The devil made you fall into this ruin," you said.
But, there is a beauty of an angel in
The devil of the tavern.

When I keep silent I am the bottle in the tavern.
If I start to talk, I become only the doorkeeper.



113.

Verse 1035

I swear on Your Soul,
I am congenial now with You.
I will be tomorrow.
I am spreading sugars here and there.

Heart drank Your wine and took the road.
We don't have heart; heart is with You.
Even then, it is still with us,
Still without us.

O Heart, you are on the way to
A known destination.
All we want from you is to
Take our greetings to Him and tell Him that.

We are waiting for the right time.
But, heart is always with You,
Watching Your face, on one hand he is in peace,
Otherwise, he is overflowing,
He is struggling, has troubles.

This heart turned into a wave
From your wind, your wine.
It is pleasant when it swells
Nice even when it is down.

The beautiful cloud of Your favor
Made our soul and heart very pleasant,
Had its effect on soil, stone and rock.

After going away from this earth,
Being free from human form,
To merge souls with You,
And reach the privacy of
The assembly of souls with You
Would be wonderful.

The ones who know
And the ones who are ignorant,
Are puzzled with your drunken eyes
And your magic.

As you know, I am crazy, insane.
I have no shame.
Love and craziness are in my blood.
That's the way I was born.

O one who is looking
For a sign, and evidence of His fire, His water.
Look at the color of our face,
The tears in our eyes.

There is peace,
And at the same time, turbulence
In the land of mud.
This trouble, this fight is all because of love.

For that curly hair coming
Down on His forehead
With those chains of Soul,
Muslim, as well as Christian,
Will put on Zunnar.¹⁰²



114.

Verse 1047

I sn't that the fragrance of the wine
That I became very drunk with
And passed out of myself?
O cupbearer, You understand
My situation from that wine.

O my drunk cupbearer,
Look what terrible shape I'm in.
O one who flies out of my hand,
Whatever has happened to me
Happened because of that hand.
You understand that I belong to this hand.

I have been ruined in your traps.
But I also broke your glass.
You are drunk and so am I.
We both break and tear everything.

Keep my word, O Soul
And Heart of the drunks, talk with me.
You say, "I am not your confidant."
I swear to God, I am a confidant, I am.

Pour this vintage wine into the glass.
Come to my arms, come,
So even if I am asleep, I'll wake up.

Give the wine to us now.
For your soul, your head's sake,
Don't fool us by saying,
"I'll offer it to you tomorrow."

How can I give up on you?
I certainly won't leave you.
I will fight to the point you'll say,
"I am tired and sick, I give up this fight."

I want you to burn with
The wind of the wine.
I desire you to love me down to earth
And spread me with your water.



115.

Verse 1055

*M*y soul will be sacrificed
To the charmer whose name
I never mentioned.
If there is a day I don't look for Him,
It will turn into a dark evening.

If He comes to my neighborhood tomorrow,
If I worried about the hearts,
I would be damned and ashamed in the town.

I said, "O one whose face
Is as beautiful as the moon,
Look for me time by time
So I can wash my face with the blood of heart."

"I came looking for you,
But you weren't home."
My God, how could he tell
Such a lie in front of my face.

I swear that one day I will
Die by telling a gazel.
Because I wept bitterly for
Such a long time, I turned into hair.



116.

Verse 1060

One who invites me as a guest.
Come over next to me, I am confused,
I don't know where the house is.

O one who caused the whole
City to become bewildered,
The one who amazes the villager
And the city people at the same time,
Where is the house? Show it to me.
I don't know where the house is.

Don't look for reason, mind
Or knowledge from the one whose soul you become.
Don't hurt him.
I don't know where the house is.

Excuse the one who has seen You,
Then becomes exuberant.
Don't let him go from the house,
I don't know where the house is.

I am in love, burning with desires.
My reputation is known everywhere.
Don't leave me alone at the house.
I don't know where the house is.

O player, who is at the front of all the singers,
Hit the tambourine with your hand.
Close the road to the house, I have lost the way.
I don't know where the house is.

O my God's Shams of Tabriz,
I cannot be intimate with anyone but you.
I don't know where the house is.



117.

Verse 1067

*D*o you know where you can find me?
Around that eye, that narcissus,
Which is pregnant to all instigations.

When that beauty reflects on the heart,
His image appears and shines.
The heart breaks its dam, overflows, runs;
It becomes impossible to control.

The heart's baby, who is full of love,
Gets in fights, starts struggling,
Then the time of nursing passes.
And he starts running.

The heart learned this hustling from his fire of love.
Flying from the chest, jumping, and escaping
He learned from Him.



Make sure of that creed.
 That the way of lovers is the road that lovers walk
 Entirely opposite to others.
 Even their ostentations, their lies
 Are better than other's truths, kindnesses and favors.

There is nothing impossible for the lover.
 Even his guilt is a meritorious act.
 His cruelty is justice,
 His false accusation is a compliment, a favor.

The stern face of love is like a soft smile.
 His fire temple is Ka'be.¹⁰³
 The thorn He pokes is better than the rose, or reyhan.¹⁰⁴

When it makes a face, that feeling
 Is better than sugar.
 When He is tired and bored,
 That gives a better feeling
 Than being hugged and kissed.

If he says, "I am tired of you"
 These words are like the fountain of life
 Of Khidr which comes from the
 Source of eternal life.

When He says, "No, it is impossible."
 There are thousands of "Yes, it is possible,"
 Hidden in his words.
 When he acts strange, that is acceptance
 In the creed of people in ecstasy.

His cursing becomes total faith,
 His stone changes into coral.
 His greed is a favor.
 His guilt and sin are mercy and forgiveness.

How can you blame me and accuse
Me of going the wrong way?
I gave my soul and followed
The way of His eyebrows,
That's the direction I went.

If I became drunk from this road,
I stopped, was silent, closed my lips.
You look at the bright Soul,
The rest is not important.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
How much sugar are you spreading?
You are telling hundreds of truths
Through my tongue, bringing
Hundreds of clear proofs.



119.

Verse 1081

O Cupbearer who creates
Hundreds of loves,
You keep doing that.
O Beloved, Your grace, Your manners are so beautiful.
Keep being like that.

You control beauties.
When you raise your eyebrow, this slave would tell you,
"Do that, do this, this is beautiful,
So is that."

Fill up the glasses of monks
With the blood of Muslims.
Burn and destroy religion
With your infidel hair.

You kick from your side,
The one who has been pardoned as a traitor.
With your brigand jealousy
You waylay those on the road of Gabriel.

The command that cannot be contained
In the sky with it heaviness,
You put on the shoulders of the people,
And spread it in daily life.

Give life to death with your Jesus breath.
Give your secret chemistry to the poor,
Make him reach it with gold.

The order is yours as long as time passes.
O God's Shams of Tabriz
Yes, you keep the command.



120.

Verse 1088

O heart, words and alphabets
Are not enough to explain You.

That player plays the instrument
With my strumming, plays for my heart
Instead of my tongue.
All my existence turns around that tune.
It tells the stories of my heart with that strike.

Because of this Cupbearer,
The wine is drunk, the glass is drunk.
Soul and universe admire my soul and my universe.

A garnet came from the land of Absence
To this world, but it was also puzzled
Seeing the greatness of my mine.

If you look for us, hair by hair,
Minutely, in a subtle manner,
You cannot find us, because our place is His hair.

Last night, soul was telling that
Moon-faced one, "You hurt my heart, O my hard bow,
Look at this spear which is full of blood."

"Is there a better prey for me than the lion?"
Said He who found my trace better than
The ruby of Bedehksan.¹⁰⁵

O One who holds and pulls on my mantle,
Which is made in hundreds of pieces,
That's all I have.
Where are your garments?

God's Shams of Tabriz,
Is above time and space.
That's why my fate is greater
And nicer than any time.



121.

Verse 1097

*P*ut those silver arms around my neck.
My soul is your place,
Come to my bosom.

I am drunk, O soul,
I am out of control, O soul,
Wake me up with your ruby lips.

O cupbearer of every great man,
O you who melts and seduces everybody,
From which jar did you pour this wine?
O Beautiful One, to whose torture I've
Become a slave and servant,
Pull me out of my roots.

Tear my curtain and
Shed the blood of my heart.
As long as you are with me at the end,
I'll be happy.

A friend doesn't complain,
And the drunk is forgiving.
Why are you hurting me?

O my soul, get out of your source, come forward.
Even gold doesn't sparkle when it is in the mine.

No soul will fall in grief with someone like you,
As a ruby that is just out of the mine.
Nobody is wrapped with a shroud
While his soul is in his body.



122.

Verse 1104

Know this well, the ways of
The drunk are fights and struggles,
And being exposed to all bad things.

For the lover, it is even worse.
The lover is also from
The same town as the drunks.

What is it to fall in love?
I'll tell you.
Love is to fall into a gold mine.

Even then, what is gold?
Love is the salvation from death.
To be free from the fear
Of having the crown fall from the head.

The Dervish is wrapped up in his mantle,
But he has a pearl under his arm.
Why should he be ashamed
To be a vagabond?

That beauty with the moon-face
Came suddenly last night.
He dropped his belt on the road.
He was so drunk he didn't even know about it.

I said, "O Heart, get up, offer wine
To the soul, this is the right time,
The right opportunity to fall.

It is time to be company
To the nightingale in the rose garden.
It is time to eat sugar with the divine parrot.

My heart is not with me.
I gave it to you.
I fall in your way.
I don't know anywhere else to fall.

If I broke your glass,
I am drunk my beautiful, drunk.
Hold my hand, save me from dangers.
As you see, I am drunk.

That is a new rule, a new order;
To break the glass and embrace the glass maker.



123.

Verse 1114

O playful-hearted beloved,
Don't cheat, come forward.
Since you are hurting us,
You might as well hit hard, hurt hard.

If you will put up a throne for us,
Do it in the middle of the ocean.
If you will put up a gallows for us,
Put it at the top of the sky.

Give sherbet to the compatible peers,
Blow on their sherberts,¹⁰⁶ but the incompatible,
Mixed up, double-faced ones,
Mix and destroy them.

Rub the elixir of Ledun¹⁰⁷ on frozen thoughts
So they can come to life, become gold.
Give that forbidden wine to the
Old lonely one so he would be a peer to others.

Show an altogether brand new justice
To this world.
Give a new intelligence to the earth.
Send the Gazelle of the land of Ya-Hu¹⁰⁸
Over to the well-trained hunting dog,
So that he hunts the dog.

Blow once more this kneaded mud.¹⁰⁹
Bend over and blow that curly hair
So it will touch the mud of Adam.

If you are the truth who bends
His head to truth,
Enter the cave of happiness.
If you are a Muslim,
Reach the land of submission.

O my Soul, You asked for soul,
Here I am, here is the soul.
The soul that won't be sacrificed
To You, throw to the bottom of hell.

If you want to have a new Jesus
Born every moment, send a breeze
From your rose garden to the garments of Mary.

If you want the land of Absence
To change into existence,
Set the fire that Moses, son of Imran, saw,
Into the harvest of mourning, burn it up.

If you want those two universes
To drink from the same cup,
Become the same way, put the salve of
"I am God," on their eyes.

O bright-hearted player,
I will be silent, you play high notes
When you have satisfied the
Audience with "low pitches."

You are the enemy of grief and sorrows,
Silence doesn't fit you.
Throw a new stone to the head of grief every moment.



124.

Verse 1127

A new canal is opened from
The source of Soul to every
Poor one's home without a pick or mace.

Heart turned his face to soul,
"O lover who is engulfed in trouble
Go to the Beloved's window." he said,
"Don't stay home."

O lover Hodja, O merchant
Who worries for profit, turn
Your face to the valleys.
Go to the rose gardens of joy.
Don't get into the grief of those
Who are oppressed with anxiety.

This heart is like leather,
Grief is a fire, through which,
The heart turns into a wrinkled table cloth.

If the eyes of your heart are filled
With the soil of grief,
How could you find Tabriz?
How could you arrive at the temple of Shamseddin?



125.

Verse 1132

*W*atch these black people
Behind the curtain of night.
Tonight, have a soul drink
With these black people.

People are asleep.
Lovers are all scattered,
Telling secrets to each other.
What a beautiful custom.

Friends are all exalted,
Their hearts and souls are all burned.
They keep looking for that beautiful one
Who has no dowry
And shows his beauty free of charge.

Since your love became submissive to me,
That love is forbidden.
Since your hair has become my trap,
Night has become my place.

The Negro of Night became drunk.
Everything turned into a glass of wine.
Watch the drunkenness of every existence
In the eye of that Negro,

That water wheel would stop
If water didn't come.
But how could the wheel
Know why it was not turning?

That poor one kept turning,
He has no love, no hate.
The reason Ferhad made a tunnel
In the mountain was just to reach Shirin.¹¹⁰

The Sultan has sent intermingled soldiers
To that hashish-addict Indian,
To the source of coyness and grace,
To that King of the Negroes.
(That curly hair keeps hanging
Down to the mole on his cheek.)

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
You will illuminate the night
Which resembles an Indian,
With your face that has a hundred Pleiades.



126.

Verse 1141

I turned into a harp,
Opened the door of melodies.
Set forth to play the harp.
On return, took hundreds of souls
And started showing coyness.

Since You are Jesus,
Sit us at the same table as Mary.
We eat from the same bowl.
Play the same tune on our Heart's tambour.¹¹¹

O one who plays the harp,
Take the pulse of the elderly.
Pour the blood of that grape's heart
Into the glass and offer it to us.

Show today's beauty to the dervishes
Promise tomorrow to the devout.

If you want to exalt the crazy people,
Show your hair which resembles chains,
Then watch them from a distance.

I have seen a beautiful one
Made from Your Beauty.
Soul said, "Say that we depend on God."
Heart said, "Cry, shout and roar."

Since that day, this poor man
Has neither mind nor religion.
Turn me into a cross. I open
My arms and wait for you to crucify me,
Because of your hair which looks and smells like musk.

O heart, wear zunnar, and go to the monastery.
Ask a kiss from the monk
Who made everything disappear
Except himself.

If you see a longing and enthusiasm for us
On the face of Shams of Tabriz,
Whom the whole universe serves,
Start anew this beautiful story.



127.

Verse 1150

*M*ake sure there are two things
Impossible in the two worlds.
Neither could God's lover repent,
Nor could a saddle bag be filled with air.

If repentance becomes a sea,
I wouldn't get a drop of it.
If I was buried in the ground.
That soil would smoke and burn.

Every particle of it keeps turning
Like a heart which is in love
Because of my soul that followed fancy and desire.

That's my essence, my work, my occupation.
Wherever I go, that's what I am.
The saddle maker makes saddles wherever he goes.

Every living thing will go into the grave,
Be a slave to the ground.
But musk in the small box,
Won't fall into decay.

If your heart grows merry in your dark chest,
That chest is not considered a dungeon,
It becomes open space.

When a baby is happy inside
Its mother's womb,
Blood is better than wine for him.
That small space is nicer than a rose garden.

If I spread these words,
I am afraid the wrong one
Will misunderstand this
And lose his head.



Verse 1158

*Y*ou are personified Soul.
 If anybody sees you as flesh,
 He looks in the mirror
 And sees nothing but dark iron.

I swear by your greatness that
 Your water of life won't stay
 At the top like oil.
 This is not your style.

O Beauty whose face is as bright as the moon
 If soul kisses Your feet once, he'll lick
 His mouth until the Day of Judgment.

I asked the Heart, "How are you?"
 "Soul is added to my soul," he answered,
 "Since I became home for His image."

Grief and sorrow won't come close to the heart
 In which His image exists.
 How can the one who plunges into
 His fountain of life be afraid of death?



129.

Verse 1163

He came and adorned the garden and meadow.
What kind of face is His?
He blew and made us drunk.
What kind of smell is that smell?

Is this the house of heaven,
Or quarters for the tavern?
My God, what kind of house is this?
What kind of quarters are these quarters?

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There is a river of red wine
Flowing in the heart like the river of Kawthar.¹¹²
The heart is filled with love.
My God, what kind of river is this?

O Friend, although hundreds of men died
At the top of every hill for You,
You still hide yourself behind the curtain.
What kind of behavior is that?

Souls that have been overwhelmed by pleasure
And fallen in love, are of two kinds:
One turned into wine with love;
The other became the jars of love.



130.

Verse 1068

Burn my heart with the fire
Of Your face.
Take a flame from the fire
Of my heart and send it
To the sky, burn the hearts.

O Soul who has been freed
From all bonds.
O Soul who originally was born
From an angel, wherever you go, go nicely.
Whenever you breathe, breathe nicely.

If my soul separates your body
From the soul,
Hit the sword in your hand
To the top of my soul's head.

O Beauty, who has curly hair
With many knots, but unties
All the knots of the heart,
Put one knot in the curly hair.



131.

Verse 1172

O my Soul of souls, how are you?
O my Soul, please give me a kiss.
I want a load of sugar from your sweet lips.

O my cheerful Soul of souls,
I know you, you are very sweet.
For God's sake, smile for me.

I am a buyer, I want sugar.
O my Beauty who sells beautiful perfumes,
Don't close the store, O my Soul.

I learned your name, your address,
Then I went to the store.
"Greetings to you, O great-statured cypress," I said.

"You are deceitful, a cheater," I said,
"Don't trouble me so much,
Don't make me sick and ruined, O my Soul."

Come to play, to please our heart, O Beloved.
Use that hair like a snare
With coyness and grace, O my Soul.

O most Beautiful, O smiling rose branch,
Show me how beauties give kisses.

I am a slave, spread on the ground,
Burn and smoke nicely.
I am smoking, like rue seeds,
Inside the fire, O my Soul.



Verse 1180

O cypress-statured rose of the rose garden,
 Take care of the empty-handed ones.
 Give them a loaf of bread; take hundreds,
 But give something to the poor.

Hear what the Prophet said,
 "Gold and silver are not diminished by alms." ¹¹³
 Give something to the poor.

If you sow one seed,
 You'll harvest a hundred ears of corn.
 Why are you scratching your ear?
 Give something to the poor.

Give a little, see more returned.
 Make heart, watch being praised.
 Solve problems, see your problem solved.
 Come, give something to the poor.

You are sleeping safe and sound
 In this night of confusion, because
 Your alms have reached God.
 He protects you.
 Come, give something to the dervishes.

If He does a favor, you take shelter
 In His shadow, rest and reach peace.
 Come, give something to the poor.

Respect, you'll be respected.
 Bless and you'll be blessed.
 Show compassion, you'll get the same.
 Give something to the poor.

O You who gives kindnesses and favor
To every poor one.
O You who feels sorry for every sufferer,
O You who commands at Judgment day.¹¹⁴
Give something to the poor.

My voice has reached you,
You have learned my secret.
Don't deprive me, come,
Give something to the poor.

I change from one minute to the other.
I feel dizzy from that.
I am full of gossip.
Look at this empty basket.
Come, give something to the poor.

You know I pray all the time,
Praise you everywhere.
Where do I go if I leave you?
To whom do I tell my troubles?
Come, give something to the poor.

You won't have any pain and suffering. Amen.
You'll be spared from accidents. Amen.
God will always be with you. Amen.
Come, give something to the poor.

Heaven is your surrounding,
Mercy is your disposition,
Especially now, this hour,
Come, give something to the poor.

We prayed, we walked,
We passed your quarters.
Stay well, we have gone.
Give something to the poor.



Verse 1194

*L*ayla is on one side, Majnun on the other,
 Pulling my ears.
 She pulls me to this side,
 He to the other side.

One of my ears is in the hand of this one,
 The other in the hand of that one.
 This one pulls me above,
 The other down to the valley.

Because of this pulling, this fiery sky,
 I keep turning and crying all the time.

When I am not myself, I am free of them.
 I dress like a sultan with satin,
 Put on heavy garments and walk,
 Swaying from side to side.

I love the day I can tear
 And repair my own mantle,
 But you repair the mantle with invisible patches
 Which are beyond words and conditions.



Verse 1199

*T*here is no way to walk away.
 Open your mouth, say something.
 It is impossible to sit or sleep without Him.

O you who constantly knocks at this door,
 There is no way this door will be open.
 Because you are awake, your mind
 Is in your head all the time.
 You want to be the leader.

To take the lead comes from greed.
 That kind of person wants gold, sheds blood,
 Will long for unusual food like a pregnant woman.

He gives his gold, his life
 He flies away from this windowless dome
 Like a bird of soul.

"This and that necessity comes from polytheism."
 But if you are a believer, you'll be saved
 From these anxieties like the flower of the Iris.

He produces whatever is necessary, spreads pearls.
 My God, that charming cupbearer
 Has everything, everything.

A house will be ruined if it has two owners.
 He is the owner, I am the slave.
 I am below like water, He is above, like oil.



135.

Verse 1206

O flag of God's help,
O torch of Yasin,¹¹⁵
My God, how light your Soul is,
Come, sit on my eye, my head.

O crown of the skill,
O ascent of wisdom,
There's no way to describe you.
You are Soul, entirely.

Every moving particle,
Every clapping hand tells you "Come."
Without tongue, without feet, come
And stay in the sky.

Beloved You are everybody's Soul,
O grace of our Master,
You saved the soul from the
Coyness of Fulaneddin.¹¹⁶

Angels grow wings when you blow.
They'll fly because of Your help.
The old firmament which has been impotent
For some time, will rejuvenate from Your
Sun and have descendants.

The whole universe is filled
With the sound of "Amen" without
Even one prayer, because of your
Fiery love and longing.

There was no path, no road.
Suddenly, one morning, the "Doctor of Soul"
Came and brought a jar of herbal medicine with him.

My sick body and crying heart came to life,
Was invigorated, raised its head from the pillow,

And told Him, "Welcome, O Sultan,
O remedy of every poor one,
O charmer, You look like Jesus."

You are the prophet of the ill,
You are better than rain for them.
What do you have in your jar?
The doctor answered, "Medicine for grieved hearts."

I am a remedy to the heart of Jacob.
I am the source of the river which gives relief to Job.
I am beautiful, I am ugly.
I am Khosrau, I am Shirin.

"How could a sea like that
Be confined in a jar like this," I asked.
"You wouldn't know this way, this business."

Who could know the absolute skill
Of a Master who could fill the world
Of Illiyni¹¹⁷ to the world of Siccin?¹¹⁸

Joseph was watching seven layers of
Sky from the bottom of the well.
Jonah was above the star of Pleiades.

Wherever you are, above or below,
Ask for drunkenness, your destiny
Is not above or below.

Be silent, the moral of this story
Doesn't fit that story.
Go, turn your face to His moon-face.



Verse 1222

Know that this world of existence
Is for nothing but pleasure, O soul.
Keep this sweet subtle point
In your soul, O soul.

Because pleasure is what
Makes essence and symptoms.
The pleasure of your father and mother
Brought you into this world, O soul.

Wherever there are pleasures,
There are two bodies there.
Out of the merging of those two bodies,
A pleasure comes out, O soul.

Every sense is one pair.
The ones who sense this, mix together.
Every intelligence is found
By the intelligent, O soul.

O Sense, if you become a pair
With the One who created you,
If you avoid the others,
You'll be a sultan, O soul.

Pleasures, which come from the people
Create the existent body.
The pleasure which comes from God,
Makes the heart and soul, O soul.

Where are the eyes to see?
Curtains are drawn everywhere.
Every particle secretly merged with its pair, O soul.

The lover has mixed and merged
With the Beautiful One; so has the devout.
They cannot fit in the world
Of existence from pleasure, O soul.

Young and old work with their mind
And intelligence in the world.
Their Souls are having wet dreams every moment,
Secretly from this world, O soul.

Don't hide, O Rustem.
I found the thing you hid.
I know you now, don't flirt.
Don't cheat me, O soul.

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We know that your sad, sour face
Is only a trick, and you are full of deceit,
Afraid of the consequences of all this, O soul.

A beautiful Houri has slept
At the corner of a bachelor's house
Like a drop of pearl.
You get up, grab her
Before the stranger's lips, O soul.

She plays lots of love games,
Flirts in a hundred ways.
Once she turns and raises her hand to you,
Get a kiss, O soul.

The amusement of fish cannot be
Seen at the surface of the sea.
Water is a curtain to hide
The ones who enjoy and make love, O soul.

All the animals over there
Are like a wolf which has stolen
A sheep behind the shepherd and
Keep chewing their prey, O soul.

Every particle claps its hands in rhythm
To the one who does wonderful things,
Even if they have no idea of it.
How will the animal know
The fountain of life, O soul?

There is a Sun that rises in the heart
Of every particle.
Hundreds of rivers are flowing
In the essence of every drop.

Be silent, everyone who shuts his mouth
Couldn't chew this morsel.
Be silent, close your mouth
So you won't drop this morsel, O soul.



O Self, who looks and acts like a dog,
 How long will you grind your teeth?
 You resent others being puffed up,
 But you are puffing up a hundred times more.

You cry, you are full of poison.
 Why do you bother the people?
 You smile like a roasted sheep's head
 And you call this laughter.

"I am a Sufi who is dressed in soft wool,
 I command only good things," you are saying.
 How could someone who is in jail
 Be the sheriff of the town?

You are excused, because you see
 Only yourself, through yourself.
 Then pretending to be a mature person,
 You are trying to excuse other people.

You change the Quran according to your knowledge
 As you like and keep hitting the Quran
 Like an anvil in front of the people.

If you turn yourself to soil on the way,
 You'll find the fountain of life.
 But if you are puffed up seeing
 Yourself as great, you'll be tied
 By bonds and thrown in the fire.

Pass through this passage, close your door
 To everyone except God's Shams of Tabriz,
 That sweet friend who is sweeter than sugar.



138.

Verse 1247

To be spaceless in Union
Settle down in Absence.
Cut every head which carries
The idea of duality suspended
On the neck of idol worshippers.

Feed this divine parrot with sugar
In gratitude, before it grows wings
In the cage of existence.

If you become the drunk of Ezel,¹¹⁹
Take the sword of Ebed¹²⁰
And start looking at existence.

Filter the sediment of your existence.
Purify and fill this bottle of meaning
With that clear, pure wine.

As long as you remain as the snake of this earth,
How can you be the fish of religion?
When you become a fish, throw everything in the sea.

Look at the animals,
Their heads are all bent down to earth.
If you are a man, raise your head to the sky.

If you become a confidant of God
At Adam's school, go and sit in front
And teach the angels the names of God.

If you want to reach the kingdom of Illa,¹²¹
Annihilate yourself and reach nothingness.
Take a broom from Absence
And sweep all of existence.

If you take a journey,
Ride the horse of meaning.
If you look for a place to stay,
Choose the very top of the sky.

Be thirsty like a man
Who has the disease of dropsy.
Don't be satisfied with just any drink.
Exalt as high as you can,
Yet try and ask for more.

The soul who has a head,
Turns his face toward the door.
If you have His love in your head,
Hang on to this love wholeheartedly.

The body cannot be without a shadow,
And a shadow cannot be bright.
Go toward the window, fly.

Follow the way of Majnun,
Become the source of fights and tumult,
Because His love asks you to
Stay away from people.

Be like a fire for burning,
At the same time be cooked and burned.
Be like a drunk,
At the same time become the wine.
Without them, you have the joys of both.

Be a leader, and at the same time a confidant.
Take a breath, at the same time, be a breath.
You become us, at the same time, ours.
Then be in our service.

In order to hide your monastery from Christians,
Sometimes fall in love with zunnar,
Sometimes embrace the cross.

Because of your being you become knowledgeable.
Never mind the eye of your existence.
Leave this, open the eyes of the soul.
See with the eyes of your soul.

Turn your feet into heads.
Walk toward God's Shams of Tabriz
Who is a Moses with Khidr's temper.
Try to see Yedi beyza.¹²²



139.

Verse 1265

O silver-statured charmer of the drunks,
O you whose face turns all my work
And business into gold,
You take gold and silver from me
Then throw them to the wind.

When You ride your horse
In the middle of winter,
The heat in the ground
Would burn the summer.

If a day-old baby
Sees You jumping and playing,
He would be weaned from his mother's milk.

Alas, for that moment that,
My elephant-like heart became
Your drunk and remembered India.¹²³

The day I experience the pain of death with Your love,
When the cramps of death cover my body,
Every particle of my body turns into a rose garden,
From the fire of that love.

When you show Your head
From the curtain of heart,
Then every hair of my body becomes drunk
And passes out again.

My every memory of You,
Is like a charming virgin being coy
At the roof and doors of Your love.

Then, with the sparks of Your face,
My memories will become
Pregnant by a Sultan like You.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
If anybody asks you,
I immediately get curious
Or upset from my jealousy.
Try to see him, become upset with him.



140.

Verse 1274

*L*ook through the curtains
And see hundreds of pregnant women
From the heart's corner,
From the place of adoration for the drunk.

Listen and hear what sounds
Are coming from that place,
"Come to this side," they say,
"Pick up the glass."

All these beauties are fighting
Because of love.
The army of India is locked in a battle
With the army of Turkestan.

I asked the mind, "Who are these
Famous beauties?"
It answered me, "They are all
Hidden, their deceits are apparent."

They come and go to every
Garden and meadow with the
Help of the Sun of God's Shams of Tabriz.



141.

Verse 1279

O one who worries for nothing,
Go and read this verse,
"They left such gardens and fountains."¹²⁴
O one who practices greed every day, read this verse,
"They left such gardens and fountains."

O you who gets mad because of
A little horse and a little saddle,
Falls into grief and sorrow,
Go and read this verse,
"They left such gardens and fountains."

You are in the guts, you are dirt,
You are nothing but the wind of hate and desire.
O smart one who has been soiled,
Go and read that Quranic verse,
"They left such gardens and fountains."

O Shaikh, who has so many problems,
O dressed shape, who has no meaning,
O one who is absent but appears to exist,
Read that verse from the Quran,
"They left such gardens and fountains."

Don't be proud of your kingdom, your stature.
You are dying, you'll be dead, burned under
A pile of soil. Think about that and read that verse,
"They left such gardens and fountains."

O small coquettish one,
O ugly selfish one,
Your little existence has become decayed
And is gone. Read the verse from the Quran,
"They left such gardens and fountains."

Don't put your cheeks to the cheeks of beauties.
Look to the end, your cheeks, your face
Are all decayed. Read that verse,
"They left such gardens and fountains."

When you have either garden, meadow, house or palace,
They are worthless in front of death.
You cannot beat death with them.
Go to the grave that has been
Plastered with mud and read,
"They left such gardens and fountains."

The one who sees the people's coffins
And smiles from a distance,
The one whose eyes have not
Yet opened, read these verses,
"They left such gardens and fountains."

Enough, quit talking.
What do you expect from words?
O one who measures the wind,
Cuts out the water, read these verses,
"They left such gardens and fountains."



142.

Verse 1289

I was expecting Him, and at the same time, I wasn't.
Suddenly, that Beauty, that guest came to me.
Heart said, "That's it, come now."
Soul said, "Here is the Beautiful one whose
Face is like the moon."

He came to the house,
We went outside, looking for Him, attracted like moths,
To that one whose face is as beautiful as the moon.

He kept yelling and screaming from the house saying,
"Here I am. Here I am."
But I had no idea about that and was still
Calling Him, "Where are You? Where are You?"

That drunk nightingale was singing in our rose garden.
We were like pigeons flying over,
Cooing and asking stupidly,
"Where is He? Where is He?"

In the middle of the night,
People rose from their bed, started yelling,
"There is a robber, there is a robber."
He was also yelling and screaming with them,
"There is a robber, there is a robber."
He was the robber.

His voice mixed with the others so well,
Nobody could identify Him.

He is with you.¹²⁵
He is also looking for you.
If you are searching, search for Him.

"He is closer to you than yourself."¹²⁶
Why do you go outside?
Choose poverty, melt like snow,
Search yourself, in yourself.

When a man falls in love,
He becomes like an iris,
Starts talking, but you keep silent.
That's what the iris does,
It has a tongue, but it doesn't talk.



143.

Verse 1298

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Break the strings of "myself," and "yourself," from
The harp of the mind,
Start playing tunes of the heart.
One for me, one for you.

In longing, we are all together,
But once we start talking,
I become one friend, you become another.

When we get into a cave,
We turn into Ahmed and Ebu-Bekr,¹²⁷
Because duality is a different cave for me,
A different cave for you.

We have had lots of journeys
In this land of thorns.
Now, remove the thorn of me and you
From my feet.

O heart, take refuge, go
Sleep like a drunk in
The shadow of Jesus.
He was gone, but both you and I
Have been crying for Him.

I got involved with gold.
You, O head, you keep prostrating.
It is not good to be idle,
Neither for you, nor for me.

Anybody looking for me,
Should come to your neighborhood.
If somebody becomes Layla, it should be you.
For Majnun, it has to be me.

The "robber" who staged the hold-up
Has been caught.
You set one gallow for him,
I'll set one.

Be silent, there is honor in silence
For you and for me.
Impatience in that is shameful
For you and for me.



Verse 1307

*M*y heart starts beating fast,
 Come and tell me again, O Soul,
 Come and say, O world.
 Move this chain, start talking
 O cupbearer of soul.

The Sultan of Beauties has come.
 That magnificent Beauty has come.
 How long will you keep pulling my ear?
 O one holding my ear, come, talk.

It is a secret that Semender¹²⁸ doesn't burn in the fire.
 But Kalender¹²⁹ has a Soul even better than that,
 More amazing than that.

Watch the gathering of the drunks;
 Don't tell fables.
 Come to the front with a big glass;
 Talk with a deep voice.

Express through bow and arrow
 How your gaze is like an arrow,
 Your marksman brows, the secrets
 Of that archer.

Speak, O my soul,
 Speak in front of everybody,
 But make His witty remarks secretly to Him.

The one who loves Him, who sees Him,
 Is already drunk with His clear, pure wine.
 Tell the news about His agate-looking lips,
 O real pearl of the mine.

I am all upside down,
Thrown to the claw of that lion.
I am full of this world,
No interest in daily events.
Tell me about the condition of so and so.

The tune of grief is at the bottom.
Bass notes deserve the strings of joy.
One moment, sing and play this way,
Another moment, another way.

The Sun is your helper;
Kingdom is your friend, company.
You got what you wanted,
Reached your goal, talked openly.

O One who knows and understands the truth,
Once you passed through this trickling,
Dripping, melting mud and reached
The world of meaning, talk like Hatif¹³⁰
Without name or surname, tell about that world.

Make your home in the world of soul.
Watch the land of absence. Walk in that direction.
Tell about the ones who go
Like fire, running like lightning.

I am not myself.
I've become drunk.
I closed this dog's mouth.
O Sultan, to whom I am a slave and servant,
You tell, without tongue and lips.



145.

Verse 1320

Look at our thirst
And play that cheerful tune.
O light of my eye, see all
These tears in my heart, play and sing.

Look at all that sugar come together,
Look at the ones who are watching us.
Look at those sweet looks, talk about them.

Today you are so drunk that
You jumped over the river of the universe.
There is that someone, if you wish
Tell us about Him today.

We know you are master of both worlds.
But, at the end, who really received you?
Tell us about Him today.

You have seen so many universes
With your heart, your eyes,
Without leaving your place.
Tell us about your journey.

You are in a boat, passing through oceans.
There is wave after wave.
Sometimes you go up, sometimes down.
Tell about the top, tell about the bottom.

You become a constant companion of patience,
Suffer nicely with grief.
Draw the sword of tongue,
Tell about patience, tell about the shield.

Look at the drunkenness of the gathering,
They made a pillow out of glasses.
God, You increase that drunkenness, Amen.
Come and tell us that story from the beginning.

Whoever finds this proof and reveals it,
Finds the Soul, a hundred souls.
If you don't believe me,
Go and talk with stone or wood.

He said if I follow him, listen to him,
"I'll scratch your face."
O one who knows the truth,
Tell this to Him in the early dawn.

"Put another kettle on the fire,
Other guests have come from the village."
Talk about pawning your belt,
If you already pawned your crown.

If you are talking with Rafizi,¹³¹
Mention the kindness of Ali.
If he is Sunni, talk about
The justice of Omar.¹³²

How much could an ant talk
About the justice of Solomon?
You tell us the secret of exaltation.



146.

Verse 1333¹³³

Where are you, O my kind,
Gracious, moon-faced Master?
I am looking for you to ask,
"How are you? How am I?"

What a beautiful morning this is.
All the rinds¹³⁴ are drunk.
They are in the river, naked,
With the Beloved until evening.

O people, we came to you,
We gave you soul, sacrifice to you.
Our desires are purified,
Cleansed since we have seen you.

I will rejoice whether you
Offer me a glass of wine
Or cuss and swear at me.
Whatever you want, that's what I want.
That's what I'll do,

You hear all that nonsense
When this man gets drunk.
My God, help me,
I am saying lots of nonsense.

O my lady, fill my cup with coffee.
Give me one after another.
Pity the one who visits you awake.

O horseman of this place,
Keep turning like you're dizzy.
You are not less than the sky
In the service of that Beauty.

I love you, Celebi,¹³⁵ I love you,
But where are you, where?
You have no contempt, no pride,
Look for us now, take our heart in your hand.

Where did you sleep?
What dream did you see?
Tell me, O heart,
Since you are relaxed and drunk,
I wish you would never be sober again.

O my support, once the Beloved's mouth is opened,
The wine he serves gets better and better,
Sweeter and sweeter.

You are like a salt mine,
Also in the heart of the soul.
O you whose kindness and favors are expected,
Everybody's taste, everything's beauty
Comes from you.

Every beauty looks a little bit like you,
Otherwise I wouldn't look at the man or woman.
I would close my eyes and pass away from this world.

Even if people blame me,
Laugh at me, tie my hand,
It is impossible for me
To go away from here.

Heart becomes cold, frozen,
From cold people.
When Mazi¹³⁶ loses its color,
Heart feels the gloom.

Once he hears your voice,
Heart will fly like a pigeon
Over hundreds of curtains and walls,
Castles come to the tower of union.

There are people who were born
To do bad things.
They lie on the way to reach You.
But we don't hear them.

This obstinate self is like a little goat,
Wants to climb high mountains, get to the top.
But he doesn't have anything but a beard.
I can name him the bushy-bearded one.

Be silent, be silent, forget the words.
Put your mind in your head.
Don't come this way, try to fly
To the other side like a dove.



Verse 1351

O Kalender-hearted friend,¹³⁷
 Why do you worry, and become restless?
 Why do you think of the raven?
 You are the Soul of the windfall.

Come slowly to the circle of
 The ones who play with their souls
 And play with your own soul.
 Where are you, O one who
 Has left home and town?

Your ruby lips reveal the treasure you have.
 For sure, you'll bring out that
 Pearl of the soul in the end.

You so beautiful, charmed,
 Agile and graceful,
 Your face is like a moon;
 What a calamity, what a grief you are.

You are so radiant, so beautiful
 The soul becomes a circle, an earring
 On your ear; but you cannot be contained
 Within any circle.

O my Beauty, while the moon
 Was a slave, a servant in your presence,
 The soul came to your temple
 Wearing the belt of your service.
 You dressed like a human being
 And came to free us.

You took the pain and grief from heart,
Freed it from suffering.
Now heart has become the jar for Cem.¹³⁸
This glass will keep shining for you.

You come every day, more beautiful
More adorned, than the day before;
You start trouble in the gathering of drunks.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
O origin and source of our sight,
Don't leave us without eyes.
You are our eyes, our sight.



148.

Verse 1360

Terci Bend

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Today, hundreds of moon-faced
Beauties are smiling in Konya.
This means, peaches are coming from Larende,
As you understand.

Soul and earth would be a slave,
A servant to such a smile.
There are hundreds of new souls, worlds
Coming from every direction.

Leave the old friend, find a new one;
Embrace a new beloved.
New ones give more pleasure.
O my Soul, look for the new.

Earth is filled with those Beauties.
What has happened to us, O Soul?
There are new Husrevs with Shirin's
Sweet lips everywhere and the
Sultan of Sultans is on every corner.

The order, "Be eternal, never lower yourself."
Is written on the face of each beauty,
The words of a lover never become sober,
Never comes to himself, inscribed on his chin.

Rise, so we'll get up,
Join with the Beloved.
How does the Lala¹³⁹ know this?
How can he be aware of that pearl?

Every nightingale of soul is cooing,
Asking, "Where, where?" to the face
Of the rose grown in the gardens
Of eternity and existence.

O one who makes our soul drunk,
Become the remedy for our sickness;
O Soul, if this is sugar,
What is that other sugar?

He came again, and again,
That beautiful-faced one came again
To instigate troubles,
To separate husband from wife.

What is the woman in front of my Beloved?
Only someone who plays a little drum.
What is the husband at His love's kitchen?
Only a dishwasher.

If you see the tip of His finger,
Don't try to hang onto the
Sleeve and skirts of your relatives
Don't cover yourself with an expensive dress.

O my soul, you were asleep last night.
I was up, running around like crazy,
And that Sultan kept playing the drum
On the tower of the castle until morning.

I did some indiscreet babbling, saying to him,
"O beautiful, O luminous Sultan,
This is not your work.
Where are your attendants, your servants?"

He said, "Master and servant are alike;
With the love of a beautiful Sultan like me
They've both fallen in the middle of the street".

The Lover doesn't listen
For someone else's drum.
That smell belongs to the shirt of Joseph.

I am drunk, my head is pleasantly dizzy.
I want to talk differently,
To express my sorrow, my guilt.

Even if I talk, it doesn't matter,
Because that Magician covers the eyes,
Closes the ears of the world.
Nobody sees or hears what I say.

You smile, O my Soul,
I'll recite the verse of Terzi
So that, the gazelle will become so beautiful,
So drunk, it will jump over the lion.

O my Beautiful, all festivities
Are under your service.
The soul is sacrificed to your smiling lips
To be rejuvenated, to find new soul.

Soul has to come to your temple.
That soul which knows sweet talk,
Smiles and passes honey and sugar,
Comes to the ruby-lipped temple
Like sugar and honey.

The one who has fallen in love
And is humiliated is the exalted one.
Who will drink water from your
Fountain of Life, except the thirsty?

O one who has the joy and happiness of the drunk,
The charm and beauty of hundreds of rose gardens;
Look at those empty-handed ones,
They've all become your guests.

It is the right time;
Your endless sea
Which spreads pearls in abundance,
Will be covered by waves.

Fill the glass with wine,
Offer it so heart will be free from
Restrictions; become a free soul.
O Beloved, be satisfied with your table.

Even though I drank so much wine,
I have hidden many secrets.
But that secret wine of yours,
Once I drank that, all my secrets
Came out in the open.

Make the sea of favor rough
So the shirt of soul will be
Filled with pearls and jewels.
Fish will swallow waves from the sea of generosity.

It is time for drunks to head toward their home.
Night has come, it is dark now.
But as long as your face shines like a bright moon,
Night is not our concern.

O Feast day, get even with all
Of those fasting days, set the table.
Have a new shape, those curly black
Hairs gather us together.

Beautiful, wear new clothes, walk nicely,
Climb the pulpit, hundreds
Of newly risen suns, hundreds of
Horason's suns will do a prostration of thanks.

O soul, who had the wrong idea
About Him before, enter His presence
Without hesitation.
If the doorkeeper holds you, I will
Take all of the blame.

Once the doorkeeper sees your face,
He will be surprised. Laughing,
He will open the door, fall on the ground,
And kiss your feet.

It is impossible to hide a smile
In front of my Beloved.
Every moment he pours a pitcher
Of thoughts into the soul, the heart.

O soul, you became so fat
From that bitter wine,
Your big neck tore the collar
Of your shirt.

Our face is red like taffeta,
That's enough for us.
If He favors you, helps you,
You will become like us.

I gave up, pick up this
Bright, clear glass, be drunk from that.
Give the rest of it to the ones
You consider great and holy.

When night comes they go home.
I stay behind, and keep playing with
The Negroes until morning.

I came to an understanding with that
Sugar-chewing sweet beauty.
Do I smile nicely and sweetly,
Or do my lips resemble sweetmeats?

I have one mouth, even that is insufficient.
How much could I laugh?
Whereas He is a complete smile like a rose sapling.

Beloved, make me drunk
So that my soul will start talking about Him.
With that, the whole town will
Be filled with agitation, people will pick on each other.

What is the town?
Your love turns this world upside-down
So much that the fish in the sea
Become insanely crazy with this love.

All these things have happened
Because His love has cast its shadow on earth.
What's happening above with His love,
Only God knows O soul.

Where is the world of flesh?
Where is the spiritual universe?
Where are the feet and hands made of mud?
Where are the fame and glamour of the heart?

Stars become dark in front of
The sparks of soul, the torch of the beloved.
The sign of Ikizler¹⁴⁰ becomes empty, lifeless.

First it looks like fire,
But turns into Divine Light.
Moses also saw the fire first,
But obtained Yedi bezza.¹⁴¹

Don't run away from grief, O soul.
Look for the remedy inside the pain,
Because the rose came from the thorn,
And the ruby came from stone.

Never mind all this, give me
The cup of Soul, O cupbearer,
The One, that when I see His face,
Every corner of the dungeon
Becomes a different valley.

O Divine Cupbearer of the soul,
You are the source of the Fountain of Life,
We are thirsty people, longing for water.

Don't leave us dizzy and dry-mouthed, O soul,
Turn and fill the cup of wine which
Adds Soul to our soul; give it to us.

That glass which adds Soul to soul,
Cleans all the grief and sorrow from the heart,
Makes every mourning turn into a wedding night.

The glass of Soul gives beauty to the soul,
Gives it order.
Once the name of Soul is mentioned,
Heart jumps from its place
And runs to Him.

I told heart, "Don't be engulfed
By grief, come back at once."
He said, "No way, this thorn is better than dates."

"If I come, I will lower myself.
I will get stuck in existence.
I worship the sun, I am used to that heat."

The fish that is used to swimming in the sea,
Doesn't feel comfortable in the river,
And cannot live in a pool.

There are hundreds of comforts
In the trouble of His love.
Who will run away from this
Trouble, but the unbeliever?



149.

Verse 1414

O my soul, there is a picture
Of your beauty on six sides.
Your face is shining in the mirror
Because you polished and cleaned it.

But the mirror can only see
You in accordance with its capacity.
How can the stages of maturity
Be reflected in the mirror?

Sun asked your Sun,
"When can I see You?"
"At the time you set, I will rise."
Your Sun answered.

You cannot come here without intention.
Your camel is tied, and on its knees,
O you whose mind is his restraint.

O Love, how can the light and brightness
Of the mind which cannot be contained
By seven skies fall into Your trap
And fit in Your sack?

Mind is a piece of grain in the harvest of Love.
But that grain is tied to
Your arms and wings very tightly.

You plunged into God's sea of eternal life,
Swallowed a wave, and saw the eternal Soul.
After that, this soul became a burden to you.

Now that you have Love,
What are those goods and properties for?
The title and position of this world
Are nothing compared to the position you have reached.

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There are hundreds of golden earrings
On the ears of this world from the
Charm of your answers,
And the pleasure of your questions.

Even the vain people who don't deserve
The pure gold from Your hand
Are happy with bits of broken stones,
As long as they come from You.

Hundreds of skies are whirling around You.
Hundreds of full moons are
Prostrating to Your new moon.

Is it possible that our dog-like self
Plays foxy tricks on you?
No, even the lion prostrates to Your coyote.

I have been on the road, running
Without feet and hands,
Like days and nights,
Because I continuously hear you call
From the sky, "come."

What is our indistinct figure
In front of Your Glory?
What is the value of our deeds
In front of Your beautiful works?

Days, we are like shade around Your tree.
Nights, we cry and wail until dawn
Even when we are sure of Your grief, Your sorrows.

After your reprimand, Adam left the top of heaven
And settled at Your door
With ardent yearning.

The sea of heart became rough
And turbulent, overflowed because of Your touch.
But I only desire to hear Your words,
So I am closing my lips,



150.

Verse 1431

So and so, you are in torment
Whether you have money or not;
If you're in grief, you might
As well have money.
Since you've started this journey,
You may as well choose the road
Which takes you to the village.

Listen to the words of friends,
Don't run away from pickpockets,
Stay with crowds.
Don't be obstinate, don't yell and scream.

Why did Adam end up being stark naked?
Why is the world ruined?
How come the flood covered the earth?
Because of the struggle between small and large,
Stubbornness of the ordinary with the Great One.

Flames don't smile until the candle cries.
The soul won't grow and become strong
Until the body is weakened and melted.

Have an angelic disposition
So you can control the Devil.
When your oxen is sacrificed,
You can walk
To the head of the sky.



151.

Verse 1436

*L*ook at the poverty in the rose garden,
Crazy winter has come.
The beauties of green left the garden
And went home.

The colors of the garden and meadows
Have faded since those beauties separated.
The rose garden turned into a cemetery.
The summer house became a dungeon.

These fairy-faced beauties
Were called and left, one by one,
For the winter place in order to be safe
From the looting of strangers.

When will those beauties
Return from their winter places?
When will they appear like treasures
From the corner of the ruins?

When will those drunks come back
To the rose garden, dancing
And laughing, fresh and drunk.

When the barn is emptied,
The pots and pans are full.
That world is a barn.
This world is a cup.

When the cups are empty,
It is necessary to search the barn;
That secret barn, where grain never decays.



O heart, why don't you say,
 "I am like a fish in a frying pan."
 He also resists, fights and struggles,
 But just for the heck of it.

O heart, cry, "No, no,
 I am so lonely without Him.
 I resemble the pictures on
 The wall of the public bath houses,
 Lifeless, sad and empty."

"The house becomes unbearable without Him.
 I cannot sleep at night."

Your beauty and my love
 Spread over the city.
 Every player is singing that song
 With harmony and the tambourine.

O my beautiful, the Sufi wants you,
 As well as the mantle.
 They have been engulfed by this desire.
 Its the same for the hopeless slave
 As it is for the rich and famous.



153.

Verse 1448

Don't be ashamed, O hopeless lover,
Come and be a person who can see
Things with their essence.
Don't be the one who looks at
Everything, but never sees essence.

O one who is only in love with Him,
Learn this from the stars:
When the sun rises stars disappear,
They become invisible.

Do you know why the ones
Who have knowledge and power tied your hands?
You are a baby now, this world is a cradle.

He pierced the pearls of words and said,
"Have we not made the earth like a cradle?"¹⁴²
O one who has been nailed to this world,
O vagabond of the city of heart.

O well-mannered, well-behaved one,
Why have you been the prisoner of your body?
Resist, show the teeth of your mind,
Keep eating the blessing.

The nanny makes everything unbearable
To the sultan as long as he doesn't grow up.
The child won't become a sultan, cannot drink wine,
If he isn't weaned from mother's milk.

The jug is afraid of the stone,
But once the stone becomes a fountain,
Jugs keep coming to that stone, every moment.

And the jug says,
"I'll be happy even if this stone breaks me,
Because the water which comes from
That stone gave me a hundred lives."

I die on His way, it doesn't matter.
He brought me life before, He'll do it again;
I give everything to be broken
To pieces by Him.



154.

Verse 1457¹⁴³

Since you want to go,
Go safely with God's help.
I pray you will return again.

O you who gives joy to the heart,
You are peerless at every stage
Of beauty and loyalty;
With God's help, go safely.

You raise the flag of grace and kindness;
You raise the flag of faith to the throne;
With God's help, go safely.

You give abundance to scarcity,
Clean all sorrows and griefs from the heart.
You change the pale color of our face;
With God's help, go safely.

You warm the winter's coldness
With the fire of your face,
With ruby lips which spread sugar;
With God's help, go safely.

You are the only one who has his wits about him.
How nicely you drink in this village.
You are the head of the drunks,
You offer wine and drink at the same time;
With God's help, go safely.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
You are our master in love.
Since you are prepared like love,
Set your heart for the journey.
With God's help, go safely.
Good-bye.



155.

Verse 1464

*E*very day a fairy-like beauty
Comes from behind the curtain,
Puts everyone in a circle to dance.

The Sufi dances with his tune,
Tears his soft mantle.
The wise one becomes confused by his trouble,
His turban unties and drags on the ground.

Once these thieves of shapes and forms
Drink of such rind from the jar of consent,
They cannot hide themselves anymore.

He went to the cemetery yesterday.
The dead inherit one another.
What can I do? I am excused.
I am not worse than death.

Everyday He comes here with
The glass in His hand and says,
"I won't leave one frozen, stone-hearted
Man in the town."

O peace of my soul, my soul,
I will twist you so much while
You are vinegar, you will
Become honey and sugar.

I wounded your heart, O withered cat,
Go and get another heart, get a lion's heart.

Cover yourself with my color,
It is not proper while I
Am in white and red,
That your face is pale and darkened.

Be silent. Be silent. Come inside
Of the heart's house.
There is peace and solace there.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
I wish the heart of the one
Who desires evil would wander,
Hungry, around the world,
Begging for a slice of bread.



*F*rom that villa, that palace,
 I was dropped to the bottom of the well.
 I did not eat or do anything.

This earth is not a place of holidays for me.
 I have seen its ugliness.
 This pale-faced old whore
 Puts red-colored make-up on her face.

How could make-up adorn
 The one whose origin is the thorn?
 He got pricked and hurt in each
 Lung, and foot.

She forgot her wig,
 Came out with a bald head.
 That blind woman has blackened
 Her eyebrows with cosmetics.

Don't look at the bracelets on her ankles,
 Her legs are filthy.
 Dancing at night is right,
 If it is behind the curtain.

O Sufi, who has washed his face,
 Wash your hands of her,
 O one who has shaved his hair,
 Remove her love from your heart, too.

How unhappy is that person who expects
 Happiness from her, dreams, greatness, exaltation.
 He will be burned like roasted meat.

O Beloved, O One who created
Us from nothing, brought us
From Absence, threw us here,
And plays with us, hear our cry.
Save us from these indifferent people.

Be silent, talk about
That breath which has no end.
Talk in the silence.
For how long will you be using
Your numbered breath for speech?



Close your mouth to bread.
 The sugar of fasting has come.
 You have seen the results of eating and drinking.
 Let's see the results of fasting this time.

That sultan of a hundred countries has
 Put a crown on your head.
 Quick, squeeze your waist;
 The belt of fasting has come.

From this world of Siccin,¹⁴⁴
 Fly toward Illiyun.¹⁴⁵
 Try to obtain the eyes which see God
 With the eyesight of fasting.

O one who is loved and respected,
 Fire will melt and cast you,
 With the flame of fasting, into the oven
 Of these counted days.

Fasting became Zamzam¹⁴⁶ for Mary's son, Jesus.
 He took the journey of fasting and ascended
 To the fourth level of heaven.

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Birds beat their wings for food or fodder,
 Angels are for fasting.

If there is any harm in fasting,
 There are hundreds of benefits.
 Love of fasting is a different thing.

This fasting is like a beautiful woman
 Who is covered by a Chadir,¹⁴⁷
 Uncover, and find out what fasting is.

Fasting makes your neck thinner,
But saves you from death.
A full stomach comes from eating and drinking.
Drunkenness comes from fasting.

If you keep swimming back and forth
In this sea for thirty days,
At the end you will find
The pearl of fasting, O my friend.

All the deceits, tricks and arrows
Of the devil, hit and are broken
On the shield of fasting.¹⁴⁸

Fasting tells you from you
With its power and majesty.
"Close the door of speech,
Open the door of fasting."

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
You are both patience and abstinence.
You are both the festivities with sugar
And, at the same time, the majesty,
Power and honor of fasting.



I am not myself, neither are you.
 Now, who will take us home?
 Didn't I tell you
 To drink less?

I don't see anybody in the city
 Who is sober, either.
 Each one is worse than the other,
 Crazy, and utterly confused.

Beloved, come to the tavern
 Watch the pleasure of the Soul.
 Without conversation with the Beloved,
 There is no taste nor pleasure for the Soul.

There is a drunk in every corner,
 With a jar under his arm.
 That cupbearer who creates all
 Kinds of drunkenness makes everybody
 Crazy and exuberant in the center
 With a magnificent drinking bowl.

You are an expert of the tavern,
 Your income and outcome are all wine.
 Don't give a drop of it to the sober one
 Whose mind is in his head.

O charmer who plays the Berbad,¹⁴⁹
 Are you more drunk than I am?
 My spells turn into legends
 To someone drunk like you.
 Tell me, who is more drunk?

I went out of the house,
A drunk came to meet me.
There were hundreds of rose gardens
Hidden in his gaze, hundreds of villas.

He was going in a funny, twisted way
Like a ship without an anchor.
Hundreds of wise and sober ones
Have died and gone with His longing.

I asked him, "Where are you from?"
Jokingly, He answered, "Half of us
Are from Turkestan, the other half from Fergane."¹⁵⁰
Half are from water and soil,
The other half from Heart and Soul.
Half are from the shore of the sea,
The other half are all pearl."

"Be my companion," I said, "I am your relative."
He told me, "I don't differentiate relative from stranger."

I am a lover, though I don't have a turban.
I came from the cupbearer's country.
I have a heart full of words,
You want me to tell you now, or not?

In a circle of the lame, one has to limp.
Didn't you hear this from that great master?

The drunk of such beauty,
Can't be lower than the pole of Hannane.¹⁵¹
Wailing used to come from the pole of Hannane.

After seducing and instigating the people
O God's Shams of Tabriz,
Why are you avoiding and ignoring them?



O one whose face shines
 On my face like the moon,
 Your eyes give intelligence and understanding
 To every particle of my body.

Your wind moves my tree.
 If I mention your name,
 My mouth becomes full of sugar and honey.

O one who fills the branches
 Of my tree with leaves and fruits,
 Do you know why my tree moves?

It won't act shyly
 Because it is full of leaves.
 It doesn't move because it is full of fruit.
 O You who turned the patience
 Of my tree upside down.



160.

Verse 1515

When I drink wine by giving
Up all of my belongings,
You will go away: then I'll
Stay, pawning my mantle.

When will I be submerged in wine?
When will I turn into a wine cup?
I will stay with the beloved without
A curtain, doorkeeper, or any other barrier.

When will you drink hundreds of
Glasses of wine with pleasure,
Dress in heavy garments and make
This frozen earth overjoyed;
When will you make it overflow?

When will my heart be enlightened
By Your light like the moon shines
Because of the sun?
My heart will be nice and beautiful
With your rose fragrance, distilled from rosewater.

What spell did you cast upon the rose
That caused it to become overjoyed, like that?
What curse did you cast upon the thorn
That it dried and became hard, like that?

O one who can do unbelievable things,
Creating art out of the unseen,
In one moment, you make man smile;
The next moment, you make him cry.

The smart one doesn't feel badly,
Doesn't get angry with you
If you do something wrong.
Does darkness become angry with the moon?
Does the rose get mad at the thorn?

All these troubles and worries
Come to you as an envoy from
The One who gives blessings
And tells you that you have eaten
Tons of sugar.
If someone dies, let it be.

Thoughts are like a sea.
Divine wisdom is like a fish swimming in that sea.
The words are alive when thinking,
Dead when talking.

No, thoughts are like nets.
The sea is behind the net.
Besides a few fishes, what
Can be contained by a net?

Assume the heart is heaven,
The words which come to the tongue are hell.
These thoughts are the place called Araf,¹⁵²
Where the people whose sins
And good deeds are equal.



161.

Verse 1526

Make us drunk; create and revive us.
O dreamy eyes, You are beautiful;
You are the Master.
We are like this—we are as You see us.

We lose the end of the rope
On every hill. We lose our way.
We are Your helpless slaves.
You are the remedy for the irremediable.

You could make hundreds of fountains
Flow from marble-like chests,
O You who makes water spring
From marble and granite.

You make a block of stone, salve for the eyes.
After hopelessness, you give a rose to Sarah.¹⁵³

You make light flow from the oil of our eyes;
You create thoughts out of the blood of our hearts.



Verse 1531

*T*he amount of fish impedes
 The visibility of the sea.
 An increase in the number of bodies,
 Becomes a curtain to the soul.

Sugar turns into poison
 When separated from that sea.
 The poison becomes the fountain of life
 When it desires that sea.

When one is amid the pleasure of that sea,
 There is no place for this and that.
 But once the ship comes to shore,
 This and that come into existence.

O soul who resemble a seagull,
 You have fallen in love with the sea,
 Cried, and said these words.
 You got into this shape with love.

Yesterday, somebody appeared in that sea;
 Just one of His looks spread charm around.

Heart said "Alas," without moving his lips.
 I cannot save my soul from him.
 This happened like that at the end,
 I swore to the soul of heart.

My heart rejoiced because of those dreamy eyes;
 Because of the beauty of that
 Peerless charmer of Baghdad,
 My soul turned into Hamadan.¹⁵⁴

A fire started in the middle
Of the night in the forest.
Those lions in the forest matured
From that fire.
They are cooked up to their brain.

Even thoughts are illuminated
From the blaze of that fire.
Even a corpse which totally depends on Soul
Becomes free from time and space boundaries.

How does this divine bath invite the fairies?
People who undress enter this world.
The cemetery is like a changing room.

Don't disclose these kinds of secrets.
Look, pay attention to irises,
They are like the tongue,
But not allowed to talk.

God's Shams of Tabriz
Shines so much from the window;
He appears so much like the moon,
It is impossible to describe.



O beautiful one the sky envies
 The ground you walk on.
 Originally my soul and yours were together.

I have seen a Chinese beauty
 In the house decorated with paintings.
 She was drinking the blood
 Of hundreds of men, although
 She had the soul of an angel.

Hundreds of Yakin's¹⁵⁵ moons
 Rose in the heart of night for me.
 I have seen hundreds of Yakin's lights
 That were longing for doubt.

I told Ayaz,¹⁵⁶ with whom King Mahmud
 Of India had fallen in love,
 "O free soul, what did you do to Mahmud¹⁵⁷
 That you deserved that?"

O dog, you followed the friends
 To the cave¹⁵⁸ and slept there.
 You were the dog; then you became
 The Lion of God.

O fish which has fallen into the fire,
 Turn your face toward the sea.
 There are more fish there than
 All the creatures of this earth.

O my God's Shams of Tabriz,
 I am saturated with your color.
 I used to be a carcass;
 You were a salty sea around me.¹⁵⁹



164.

Verse 1550

O the beautiful one who stands in
Front of one bazaar, tilts his
Turban to the side, and confuses
And worries us by watching others.

O charmer who made a sign, like "I will come tonight."
By biting his lips, and then went into
Sweet solitude with his sugar-lips.

With all that deceitfulness,
You still have the rectitude of Abu-Behir.¹⁶⁰
Who would dare to tell you
That you have done this or that?

The devout become tolerant because of You.
The rosary turned into a caraf:
The soul is saved with the help of
That big drinking pot.

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The soul has become a pigeon, a pigeon.
O soul, hurry, hurry up,
O friend playing tunes of ten, ten, teni,
O friend who changed the flesh to entire Soul.

The moon has melted away
With the love of your hair
Which is darker than the night.
Even the sun starts wailing
In front of the light of your face.

O book of every secret,
O God's Shams of Tabriz,
O peerless charmer of Baghdad,
O one who changed us to Hemedan.¹⁶¹



*T*he Heart was with that famous beauty,
 Holding a glass in his hand,
 But my beauty raised his finger
 And put it on my mouth, saying, "Be silent."

The heart became like an informer,
 And told everybody one of His secret promises,
 The one I asked from Him
 And He granted to me.

His love becomes jealous
 And asked the soul to return.
 The soul heard that and said, "Yes."

After all these good times,
 Taking oaths together,
 The soldier of separation reproached me.

It is no wonder if separation
 Or torture reproach us,
 Because the varied spreading hair of lovers
 Has made hundreds of different kinds of flags.

O Charmer, whose sparks of His Beauty
 Changes my existence, suddenly, to Absence,

Then He makes those secondary
 Existences appear infinitely through His Being.

Souls have become like ten eyes;
 Each one of them crying like the ney.
 Souls turn into harps;
 Their backs are all bent.

What a joy is that joy You give
To the soul, and You dress it with pain
And suffering in order to hide
It from the eyes of the envious.

When the body becomes a slave
To God's Shams of Tabriz, to whom
The whole world is a slave and a servant,
Then it will put a trace of his dust
To its eye like salve.



O one who is absent from this temple,
 God's blessing will be with you.
 O one who appears in the front
 More than anyone else,
 God's blessing will be with you.

Soul who wraps himself with flesh,
 God's grace, which nurtures and matures,
 Mercy to the one who believes
 And to the one who doesn't;
 God's blessing will be with you.

You rise like a full moon.
 Come down from the roof,
 O beautiful one, to whom even the moon
 Becomes a slave and a servant;
 God's blessing will be with you.

O one who appears more than anyone
 And at the same time is absent from this place,
 The one who sees and watches us,
 O ocean full of pearls,
 God's blessing will be with you.

O beautiful one without defect,
 O charmer who makes our soul dance,
 His drunkenness makes us dizzy.
 God's blessing will be with you.

The wine overflows because of you;
 Sugarcane makes sugar because of you,
 But you are more beautiful than that.
 God's blessing will be with you.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
You are shaking musk and ambergris;
You are musk, you are ambergris.
God's blessing will be with you.



167.

Verse 1574

Cupbearers, I am sobering;
Give me your hand; offer more wine.
Either fill up the water carrier's bag,
Or fill the bag and give it to the water carrier.

You drink half of it;
Give me the rest.
No, no. For God's sake,
Give me the whole thing.

O instigator of men and women,
Break my door tonight.
Take all my belongings; loot everything.

If you want to make
The whole sea the fountain of life,
Pour one drop from your
Glass into the sea.

If you don't want the month of fasting,
Turn and fly, become weak and fall down:
Spray your big wine glass to the sky.



168.

Verse 1579

O one who sends news
From his soul to my soul secretly,
I am thinking about you every moment, contemplating
Whatever you think is known to me right away.

Whatever you think, any thought
Which comes to your mind,
Appears in my heart
And passes to my mind.

My soul is put off with
Your flirting, your charms.
Your tricks and your deceits
Secretly change me in a different way.

The reed flute is wailing every dawn
By remembering your lips.
Your love covers the lip of
The reed with honey and sugar.

You looked at me furtively
And made my heart turn upside-down.
This heart has fallen into such a state that,
He forgot himself and was lost on strange roads.

I've become a belt,
So you'll come to my lap,
O friend who looks
At me furtively and angrily.



*M*y strange friend came home suddenly:
From now on, watch all the extraordinary things.

See loyal friends, watch clean brothers.
Enjoy seeing a treasure
Come to ruin again.

O eyes, look at the green.
O ears, gather words.
O beloveds open your sweet lips,
Tell nice stories and fables.

Cupbearer, give the left over wine today
Without worrying that it might finish,
That nothing would be left.
How can just a few glasses decrease the sea?

One glass, another glass,
Doesn't that create disunion?
Break both glasses, give up duality.

O Soul, I am a falcon.
O Soul, don't tie my feet.
From now on,
I won't stay at the ruins, like owls.

I cannot waste time,
I haven't had patience in my heart.
Go and tell this to somebody else,
I don't listen to tales anymore.

I am the seed of the sky,
I stayed in the ground for some time.
When the abundance of spring comes,
I germinate and become green.

You are trouble to the birds.
You scatter a handful of seeds
From the barn to them.

O one who put my house in order,
O one who enlightens me,
Make me hundreds of roofs of skies.
Tell me for sure, is it like that or not?

My soul, shake the chains once
And watch all the crazy insane
Ones from a distance.

This fortune is the rose garden itself.
My God, what kind of tree is that?
Hundreds of drunk nightingales nest there.

Soul and heart are coming in a hurry,
Because beauties are here.
Spring has arrived.
That strange, cruel winter has died.



I am drunk and your heart is pleasant;
 On the other hand, grief has no heart,
 No head, this is much better.
 Give your heart to the Beloved.
 Drink wine from His hand,
 That is much better.

The world is a sea from beginning to end.
 The body is like a shell.
 The soul resembles a pearl.
 The best of them are certainly pearls.

Forms and shapes look like covers.
 The soul wraps himself with that cover,
 But it is much better if he is free
 From all these forms and imaginable shapes.

You have seen the curtain
 Of the body;
 You haven't heard anything about the heart.
 Whereas the plectrum with which
 The heart strikes that curtain
 Is much better than the body's.

Your face is pale, like gold.
 Give up: tell of your pale face.
 "We are in sorrow, with or without gold."
 Since the situation is like that,
 It is better if we have the money.



171.

Verse 1603

*F*or a Dervish, every day
Is a holiday, also Friday.
Neither will their holidays be finished,
Nor will their Fridays become old.

You have no wool mantle, but my soul,
You wear holiday dresses made by your own beauty.
You are adorned like a month of holidays.

You are sweet inside and out,
Like mind and faith.
In any case, garlic doesn't
Fit inside of almond paste.

Wear such a mantle,
Walk among friends
Like a bright soul in the chest.

How could debris stay
On running water, O my Soul?
How could that grudge
Stay in the heart and soul, O my Soul?

The eye of the soul sees a very fresh branch.
The eye of the senses, at the same time,
Looks at the old tales.



*T*oday, that cheerful Beauty offered smiles.
The whole earth smiled, and laughter went beyond.

Envy was full of grief and trouble,
But, now, even envy exalts.
The eyes of envy smile.

Look at me, my soul,
We will laugh together.
Because that endless smile
Brought many other smiles.

In this world of the living,
Everything is smiling,
The living one and the lifeless.
They kept laughing in the middle
Of the land of immortality.

How long should I delay my laughing?
From now on, I won't hide.
Even if I try, laughter comes out of me.

If you become ashamed and try to hide,
I will still know because hundreds
Of laughs come from the bottom
Of each strand of your hair.

No particle grows without laughter.
Who pulls us from absence to existence?
Laughter.

The mother and father's smile
Brought you into this world.
The Grace of the Only God smiles
At your every move, your every condition.

Once the mouth starts smiling
You should see the smile of the soul.
That smile, without mouth or lips,
Without displaying teeth,
Is the one that makes you smile.



My God, what kind of person
 Is that moon-faced beauty;
 My God, what kind of person
 Is that moon faced beauty?
 The fire of his face burned
 The harvest as well as the nomad's tent.

What kind of well is that?
 The dimple on the chin of Joseph.
 Hundreds of Josephs of Canaan
 Are at the bottom of that well.

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What could Joseph do?
 What could he say to this well?
 That well has snatched the passersby
 From the road.

Be fair, what could a piece of straw do
 Against the one who attracts
 Amber with his looks?

Look out, be careful of your soul
 Around that look.
 He is drunk, sleepy, but he knows
 Everybody's situation all the time.

He plays chess with His slave.
 He is the Sultan of both worlds;
 Then He demands something from His creatures.

He gives Soul.
He gives Soul to lack, poverty,
Mourning and wailing
Which fall upon the house.

He is the soul of spring;
Souls are His trees.
Souls get pregnant from Him.
He gives them height and descendants.

When the mirror suddenly
Sees God's Shams of Tabriz,
It says, "Yes, that's it,"
And then burns in flames.



I have seen that charmer's face.
 It was open, spread like a rose toward us.
 He is alone and going, untimely,
 To the monastery of pleasure and joy.

His face is like a full moon.
 At the top he became drunk, started dancing.
 He grabbed his hair in one hand,
 The other hand was holding his wine cup.

The bewildered beauty put fire
 Into the soul of the ones
 Who don't even know him
 At the bazaar and market.

When he opens his ruby lips,
 He eats honey, he chews sugar.
 He spreads pearls, which come from
 The throne of God, to his audience.

He steals the heart, grabs it, and runs.
 He tells all the secrets in the heart,
 One by one.

Because of that Beauty
 Who was born from fairies,
 Hundreds of lovers lay down all over
 In pairs or alone.

When his glory reflects to
 Anyone's eye, that eye will
 Stay awake eternally, and will reach
 Union inside that sleepy heart.

The Iron
 Who is
 Cannot
 And it
 In or
 Take
 The
 On

The irony is that, the Beauty
Who is beyond quantity and quality,
Cannot be contained by seven skies
And two worlds, but will fit
And hide within the heart.

In order to surpass this difficulty,
Tabriz became a halting place for us.
The feet of my soul have trampled
On those roads after Shamseddin.



O Heart, do you know where you are?
 O Heart, remove this poor love from your head.

At the assembly of such a Sultan,
 At the light of such a moon,
 Give up those two worlds.
 Is there a place to talk about the house?

What would happen if a soul
 Were lost for the glory and success
 Of a Sultan?
 Is there a room for talk about
 A soul at the temple of the Beloved?

If the evil thinking heart speaks
 To you against the Sultan,
 Hit his mouth, stop him from telling stories.

This is a trade-in.
 A seed for a garden.
 Give the garden, take the seed.
 After that, keep saying, "What a seed, what a seed!"

If you see a Sultan, keep smiling.
 There is no need to tolerate caprices
 Of the people, nor the trouble of strangers.

Where is God's Shams of Tabriz?
 Where is he that will come back to you?
 He is the falcon of the throne of God.
 That's where he makes his nest.



176.

Verse 1643

*T*oday, here I am, here is wine
And that beauty of beauties
Who seems like he was born from a fairy.
Mashallah¹⁶² what an auspicious friend.
May God save you from the evil eye.
What a nice wine.

Instead of showing our love in front
Of everybody, or on the corner of the street,
It's better to hide under the carpet.

I'll make an earring of this golden circle
And hang it on my ear.
I am liberated from that duty.
I am free.

My love and the beauty of your face are eternal.
I turn my face to yours from eternity.
I have been in love with you for eternity.



177.

Verse 1647

Every branch moves differently.
There is a different colored fruit on every branch.
Everybody is drunk with a different glass.

There are hundreds of women tearing
Their faces behind the curtain.
Every one of them is widowed
By a different husband, and keeps hitting her face.

A different fisherman's hook
Is in the mouth of every fish.
One struggles one way,
The other, the other way.

The Archangel Gabriel dances
With the beauty of God.
The Devil jumps up and down
With the love of another devil.

O the musicians of the one who is longing,
O God's Shams of Tabriz,
Sing from this tune, keep this style.



One day you will see me
 Fall down at the tavern,
 And, tired of my prayer rug, pawn my turban.

I am drunk, so is my friend.
 His beautiful hair is in my hand.
 Mashallah, what a beautiful friend.
 God saves us from the evil eye.
 What a beautiful wine.

My mouth, my lips became
 A little bit drunk,
 And lost the way of kissing.
 I am a little drunk;
 Mouth and lips are drunk;
 That kiss also turned to us, became drunk.

That trouble makes beauty,
 After all these deceits
 And instigations, fall asleep.
 Table and drinks stayed ready;
 They waited all night long.

All these shapes and forms
 Are created by His light.
 Otherwise that auspicious, clean Soul
 Would be devoid of all shape.

God's Shams of Tabriz could explain all this.
 Only that Sultan of the Sultan of the land
 Of Soul could tell you about this.



One who has fallen
Into the fire like Jacob,
Burning like Jacob burned for Joseph,

You sometimes run around;
Sometimes you scatter sugar.
Another time you dive, naked, into
The spring of Job and swallow waves.

Men, women, everybody closes their lips,
But they are yelling.
We are out of ourselves, submerged
In that beauty with His Grace and favor.

Since you have fallen in love,
How can you sleep?
Even the Beloved, for whom everybody
Is longing, whom everybody desires, is not sleeping.

Since you have that beloved,
Since he will come to you one day,
Why don't you clean and sweep
The house for such a guest.

You are not getting ready for battle.
You don't grab the work and beg;
You don't even lift your head
And look for your shame.

They put horseshoes in the fire
With your name so you will get
Out of your five senses and six dimensions
And go there.
All these griefs, worries, and troubles
Are because the other world is pulling you.

The time will come when He will save
You from this mud,
When He will take all the souls, without
Their faults, to His Presence,
Purified from their deficiency.

Fruit is what makes the tree valuable.
Look and see what a piece of tree
Will look like with that beauty.

This may be explained better than that,
But stop talking.
Why should we account for a world
Whose account is already settled?



180.

Verse 1668

O wanderer, come, search, find
And drink a drop of water.
How long will you turn around
The water like an empty wheel?

It is a valley full of sugar;
It is a sea full of pearls,
But unless you work and reach the cause,
You won't get a grain of barley.

If you are a man of observation,
Why don't you open your eyes?
The beauty of this moonshine
Is worth looking for.

We have seen many Mihrab,¹⁶³
But we haven't entered any.
Whereas, the Mihrab cannot stand
In front of a warrior.
Split, the other side will be seen.

We are thirsty; next to us
Is the Fountain of Life.
We are expecting the one who has hands
And is generous like the sea,
A peerless giver in front and back of us.

We don't tighten our belts
And start to work for that reason.
If we are not successful, that's our fault.
Our sleep is too deep, we can't open our eyes;
That's why we have curtains between us.

The cloud, which is the gift of God,
Rains six favors.
Your body is like a roof.
Your six senses are like gutter pipes.

Those six fountains stop;
They don't flow at night.
The One who opens the door
Makes them flow in the other direction.

The moon and sun sometimes fall
Into a well at night.
He pulls them out without a rope,
Without any gadget.

He has hundreds of royal skills
Which are hidden from you.
Because you are weak,
You don't have the power to stand.

This decorated, wide-spread earth,
The planet of Saturn, and the skies beyond,
Are all a drop of mercury
Trembling in the hand of God.

If the sea turns into this shape,
If it deserves only to become foam,
For sure, the mind that tries
To describe Him is only a cross-eyed cheater.

Mind and soul run away from
The majesty of that Sultan,
Like the devil was afraid and ran from
Omar,¹⁶⁴ son of Hattab.

The virgin is scared,
And runs away from her husband,
Although the only thing she loves
And wants is her husband.
She is a stranger, even to her Soul,
But a friend to him.
She is in a quiver of emotion over him.

He let them be free, but led them
Into the trap.
He sent hundreds of ravens after one falcon.
Once the falcon gets into the trap,
He is ready to hit with the club.

Be silent. The greatest One
Will tell this secret much better,
Without the seller's tricks of
Stealing from the buyer.



181.

Verse 1684

I am stamping, dancing, O soul.
I am dancing, O world.
Please clap your hands.
You clap your hands Soul,
For the consideration of a drunk.

O drunk, don't create this confusion,
Don't do bad things, put your hand on your heart.
But where is the heart? I wish there was one.

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I gave up heart and soul;
At the end I was without them.
Don't mention one soul.
If one heart was a place for
Hundreds and hundreds of hearts,
I would give up all of them.

Watch the tree, O Soul,
How it grows. If it didn't drink wine,
How could it open, spread, and have flowers adorn it?

Look at this breeze of dawn,
Watch the uniting, the friendship.
If it wasn't for grace and kindness,
This wind wouldn't blow around the earth.

Don't wail to the Beloved,
There is no love without grief and suffering.
If this is not the proper way of love,
It doesn't hurt or wound our heart.

He has hundreds of favors,
Hundreds of kindnesses,
Hundreds of loves and loyalties.
If He gave up His perseverance,
He would be falling in love with us.

Even with all cruelty,
He still backs everybody and shows friendship.
If He wasn't like that,
He would break everybody's back.

As you know, even the Phoenix loses
Its feet and wings, becomes wingless
And footless in front of Him.
If it wasn't for His mercy, this sparrow
Wouldn't be able to get out of this trap.

O wind of words, be silent.
In order to blow the winds of the heart,
Hundreds of fans are necessary.
Even then, you don't blow.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
We are alone in this dark evening,
But don't talk like that.
If it wasn't for the Sun at night,
How could you have such ecstasy?



182.

Verse 1695

I want to go away from here.
You hold my feet and don't let me go.
You snatched my heart, then sat,
And settled down on my heart.

The wind of love is storming in my head.
Heart lost his hands and feet.
I became like that because
Of the moon you showed,
The secret you told me.

O one who passes many nights without sleep,
By the love of flying and reaching,
Fly across this dome of sky with the wings of fasting.

When he saw me waving and crying, he said,
"I am the guide. I'll show you the road
For which you have been searching."

I am hidden behind the wall,
But I am next to you.
He said, "You are oppressed, suffering,
But I am close to you."

O one who is anxious to run and reach there,
I'll make your dreams come true.
I'll cook well every saucepan you boil.

O friend, you have lost Him;
You have been separated your life-long from Him.
You are wonderful, but you have always looked
For Him outside, you haven't searched your house.

The funny part is that,
In this search, that Beauty is with you.
Wherever you have been,
He is the One holding your hand.

Keep looking for Him with Him,
He is also on the same road with you.
O Beloved, you are so obvious,
Because of this You are hidden;
You are not in sight.



183.

Verse 1704

We have reached ecstasy in this corner
Hidden from existence.
O friend, watch these people,
They've all become one Soul by drunkenness.

They have left the soul and universe
Because of the secret you told them.
They all close their mouths.
Breathe lightly, slowly, telling
That secret silently so nobody could hear.

Beautiful One, we are engulfed
In grace in this lonely world.
Clap your hands, clap, because you
Are also from us, from the same place.

We love bending down; we love poverty
And empty hands.
But, what a stoop; all the greatness
Turned into soil and was scattered
In front of this stoop.

O Shaikh, you haven't seen anybody beyond yourself.
You keep embracing yourself.
What are you twisting?
Why are you hemming and hawing?
Give yourself out; you'll be free,
Then you can reach.

Close the door of the house.
Don't show a stranger the face you've exposed,
The hair which you have braided.

Beloved, don't show us yesterday's coyness.
Remember, you surprised us then.
Get up, run out of the house.

Apparently You run away,
But You stay in our arms secretly.
You disappear from eyes,
But You settle down in the land of heart.

Whoever's mind You took,
That mind became pure and clear.
Whoever you wounded became
The cure for every wounded one.

O Heart, you keep praising that moon-faced one.
What do you want?
What do you expect from those words?
O Fish, if you are an enemy of this hook,
Why don't you dive to the bottom of the sea?



Verse 1714

*I*f his blood-thirsty, narcissus
 Eyes show mercy, poison becomes sugar;
 The wolf becomes the shepherd.

The cycle of the moon would be
 Under our control, beloved.
 That sultan's drinking bowl
 Would keep turning.

Even a hard mountain would turn
 Into mush, into milk;
 The bitter, salty sea would become
 The fountain of life.

Holy light would reflect to humankind
 From His secret face.
 His sleepy, narcissus eyes
 Will keep looking at us.

He hasn't broken any drunk's heart.
 He hasn't hurt anybody.
 Since every situation is like that,
 Why blame him instead of thanking him?

Kindly, generously, He put His union
 Like a belt on our waist, but
 I wish our waist deserved this belt.

As long as the shapeless, formless Master
 Who makes shapes and forms
 Stands in the middle,
 What's the harm to anyone if their form
 Dies, if their shape is destroyed?

If no one stages a hold-up
On the road of looks and sight,
How come every eyelash and eyebrow
Becomes a bow and arrow?

Close your mouth, because
It is necessary to close your mouth in the sea.
If this wasn't the case,
The fish's mouth would be filled with words.



185.

Verse 1723¹⁶⁵

O you who sits in my soul's house,
Where did you go?
Did you hide in the house,
Or fly to the sky?

After seeing and hearing my heart's oath,
You broke your oath and flew like a bird.
O my friend, where did you go?

You looked at my soul,
Afterward, you took a journey like the soul.
You were aware of the people, and you left.

You went so quickly,
You were like a morning breeze.
Now you have gone with the morning wind,
Like a scent of rose.

No, you were not the breeze of dawn,
Nor a bird flying up in the sky.
You came from the Glory of God;
You returned to that same Glory.

O you who owned this house,
O you who became the candle and light
Of this house,
You felt embarrassed and tired of that house.
Then you flew to the dome of the sky;
You ascended to the top.



O friend, you did the wrong thing.
 You went to another friend.
 You left your business, your occupation
 And started another one; you pursued another goal.

I forgave you a hundred times.
 A hundred times I showed you the road, the custom.
 But O my presumptuous friend, you
 Didn't listen. You have gone.

I prayed, exorcised hundreds of times for you.
 I pulled the thorn out of your foot.
 But you didn't appreciate the rose garden;
 You went to another, thorny place.

"You are a moon; so why do you hang
 Around the snake?" I asked.
 O you who forgot your name and reputation,
 You became friends with another snake
 And left with him.

You broke hundreds of threads,
 Like a cracked shuttle in the hands of the weaver.
 Again, you went and were wrapped in another thread.

You said, "I don't see you
 In the cave, my friend."
 But with the friend that was in that cave, ¹⁶⁶
 You went to another cave.

Wouldn't your value, your dignity
 Diminish and disappear?
 You saw my bazaar
 After you went to the other one.



Who cares if love caught me?
 My mind was lost in drunkenness.
 O my good luck, O my wealth,
 You are here, your existence is enough for me.

It is rare when someone leaves
 This tight, narrow world alive,
 But what other way can one obtain
 The Soul of the Sultan's footstep?

O soul, who resembles the parrot,
 Fly to sugar's harvest.
 Turn toward that glorious life,
 Because you are out of the cage.

O Soul, go to the Beloved,
 Get into the circle of the brave.
 Since you are free from your existence,
 Go in the direction of the rose garden.

I fell into your wonder,
 I forgot laughter and crying.
 I reached your exaltation,
 I gave up being at the height
 Or at the bottom.

O Soul without the burden
 Of myself or yourself,
 Be very pleased; snap your fingers.
 You have reached eternal glory; you became One.

The one who sells wine
 Told you this many times,
 "If you don't worship your body,
 Souls worship you."

O lively, cheerful Hodja,
O one who causes trouble for hundreds,
O delicate graceful charmer,
Hurry up. Why are you dragging your feet?
You have broken our heart.

What's the use of having good or bad deeds,
Glamour, glory, or hundreds of talents,
Since you have been caught with that hook?

My friend, even if I become very agile and brave,
He will cut my path, stone-heartedly,
Without stopping or resting.

There is clarity revealed in these words,
As well as hidden secrets.
It appears that when you lift one curtain,
Hundreds are drawn.



Verse 1747

*M*y moon-faced one came as a drunk.
 Help, O firmament, give me a jar full of wine.
 I have passed beyond myself, I am annihilated.
 Is there anyone who really exists
 In the world of existence?

Heart won't get drunk
 From one or from a hundred glasses.
 If wine affected someone's heart
 He would be free from his body.

You are offering me a drinking glass,
 Filled with wine, from which
 You've been drinking since early dawn.
 You wouldn't offer it, if you hadn't
 Broken the bottle.

You threw a stone and broke my glass,
 But I don't mind.
 If somebody else had done that,
 I would mind, because he couldn't
 Make the glass like new again.

Adam has passed from himself
 After drinking this wine.
 If the dead would drink this wine
 They would jump from the grave
 And come back to life.

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If you are smart, don't look down.
 The moon which reflects from the heights
 To the depths, gives its light to lower places.
 Don't think it is weak or helpless; come to your senses.

What indifference is this?
You made me delay my praying.
But if Heart doesn't make the effort,
The body would worship love.

If that drunken Beauty
Stood in the row of Namaz,¹⁶⁷
The qibla¹⁶⁸ would turn its face to Him,
Kaaba¹⁶⁹ would scratch its face.



Verse 1755

*I*f my peerless Beauty appeared
To the people clearly,
They would be very lucky;
The world would be very happy.

If six sides of the universe
Are adorned by His Beauty,
High places would be a garden,
Lower places would become a mine.

He was hidden from people because
He wanted them to think "All this would be mine."
If people could see Him,
Everything would be His;
Existence would become Him.



O friend, you suddenly left our town
 On a journey. We fell into grief;
 But you reached sugar's mine.

When the soul leaves this cage-like body,
 It reaches Glory.
 That Glory looked at you,
 And you went to the site of Glory.

You went upside-down, but you left
 This banal world drunk with joy
 For a much better world where commands
 And orders were given.

You look like a specter,
 Changing from one shape to another each moment.
 You turn from this shape to the other.

You turned into soul today.
 You are in the top of heaven.
 You freed yourself from lunar time;
 You went beyond the moon.

Now you are undressed from your crying,
 Wailing body, you gave up your Kulah.¹⁷⁶
 You were tied by a belt and now you are gone.

You have no need for bread;
 Nor do you have an obligation to bread makers.
 You gave up water, freed from the thirst of lungs.

The Beloved will give you such a bread
 That you won't need a stomach or teeth,
 You will have clear, pure water from the sea where
 You are submerged.

Send us news from your great Soul, subtle ecstasy,
Because you went to knowledge itself.

Even if you don't send news,
I know where you are.
You are at the shore of the sea,
Because you went like a pearl,
Like a jewel.

Come, O bright promise,
Reflect through this window.
Because you left the ear,
Reached mind and opinion.



191.

Verse 1769

O soul dressed with that shape,
What kind of gift did you bring us today?
I don't know the gift, all I know is
You took me out of me; I have gone beyond myself.

O garden of beauty and goodness,
How nice you smell today.
On whose branch did you smile
To make it open? In whose garden did
You grow and become green?

Today you look rather strange.
In whose garden are you tumbling
So casually dressed?
From whose hand did you drink wine?

Your sultan-like zeal,
And your gold scattering nature
Have taught generosity and kindness
To the young and old.

Never mind generosity, that comes from duality.
Join the ones who are seized by the same illness.
Get into their world of union
And drink that wine with the dregs.

You are a companion and at the same time a confidant.
You are a lover and the Beloved.
You are red and yellow.

Even with all this, you had still better
Stay at the assembly. Don't come with me.
I am afraid you'll run away
From the middle of the road. You will go back.

Later, when you come, don't take
The heart away with you, because
Two hearts come from One.
Sometimes it is hot; other times,
It is cold like ice.



O curtain hung over the curtain,
 O Beauty hidden from secrets,
 Look and see what you have done.
 You took my heart and soul and carried them away.
 What is left here, anyway?

O one who takes away all wishes
 And destroys the cages,
 You hurt the bird of our heart
 And then tried to fly away.

Even if you try to fly away,
 Or if you stay and torture me,
 I wouldn't dare to question you.

Why did that burning, melting candle cry?
 I'll tell you:
 You separated it with grief from its honey.

Why does that harp cry and whine?
 I'll tell you.
 You bent its stature like this slave's.
 That's why.

You give torment of all kinds,
 But when You show Your face,
 My poison becomes sugar.
 My suffering turns into relief.

Every leaf opens its hand to You,
 And keeps praying because of lack of provision.
 First You show Your kindness, Your favor,
 And then You grant their wishes.



*T*he doctor of the soul brought
 A tray of gifts from the road.
 They are such gifts that if you
 Eat them you become young and beautiful,
 Even if you are old and feeble.

It gives soul to the body,
 And drunkenness to the soul.
 It cleans disgust from the heart,
 And paleness from the face.

That was "the tray" which came to Jesus.¹⁷¹
 The doctors inherited it.
 Even if you eat the poison of death,
 You'll find the antidote there.

O you who desire this tray;
 Turn your face toward this Qibla.
 When you do that you will become
 The moon-faced beauty of this world.

There is a pill hidden on this tray,
 It doesn't touch the teeth.
 It's neither wet nor dry, neither hot nor cold.

If you eat a very small piece
 Of that pill, you ascend to the sky.
 Even if that piece was very small,
 It would still lift you up
 To the land of Jesus.

Every needy one then becomes strong
 And powerful with your favor and kindness.
 The one you feed, grows and is
 Never emaciated or frustrated.

Today, I told the doctor of soul,
Maybe a thousand times:
Since you kindly came to us, we
Should visit the truth.
We should set our foot onto the way of truth.

If you give someone prosperity and success,
No one, nothing, will take them from him.
If you relieved a heart from grief and suffering,
They cannot return again to this heart.

Be silent now. Hold your breath,
Because we have tried before.
That kingdom, that glamour
Comes only from solitude and loneliness.



194.

Verse 1794

O curtain over the curtain,
O beauty concealed from the secret,
Look and see what You have done.
You took the heart and soul away.
What is left here anyway?

Let's say, You tormented,
But, You are the Sun of this world,
The Sultan of Sultans.
You are the One who gives souls their ecstasy.

At the end, You took them;
You made them Your guests, and gave them gifts.
Your kindness granted their wishes.

Every stone You picked up turned
Into a ruby in Your hand.
The fly You fed gained the power
Of a hundred Phoenix.

O my Soul, You gave order to some of the people
Going in the wrong direction,
But You led others in the right way,
And made them the cleanest of friends.

With the effect of the sky,
You created the earth.
Then You gave grace to the earth's particles
And turned them into sky.

How can I differentiate earth from sky?
You break rules and orders to pieces.
You make relief out of suffering.



195.

Verse 1801

You have confined nine emerald skies
In the air and tempted them to desire and wishes;
Then You created man out of dust,
Moving him around.

O water, what are you washing?
O wind, what are you looking for?
O sky, why are you thundering?
O universe, why are you whirling?

O love, why do you smile?
O mind, what are you tying?
O patience, why are you relaxed?
O face, why do you turn yellow and pale?

Is there any word for "head" in loyalty?
What is the value of soul in generosity?

Mature man is such that he
Becomes the prey for Absence.
Because even a hair cannot get
Into the circle of union and Oneness.

The one who falls in sorrow, then joy
Is not free, is not independent.
The person who is hot sometimes, and cold other times,
Is cold all the time.

If you see my moon-faced Beauty,
Where is the halo on your forehead?
If you drink the Soul's wine,
Where is your drunkenness?

You become anxious
Neither for this purse nor for that basin.
You are not a blind donkey.
What are you turning away from?

You haven't cleaned your heart.
What is the use of washing your face
From anger and greed?
You turned into a broom always dirty
With dust and soil.

My days are all Fridays.
My sermon is permanent.
My pulpit is higher than the sky.
My Meksure¹⁷² is humanity.

If someday, the stairs of that pulpit
Become empty of people,
Souls and angels will bring someone
From the land of absence as a gift.
Don't keep that pulpit empty.



Verse 1812

You have strong support;
 Your truth and your patience are great.
 But still you turn your face;
 That sun-looking face of yours
 Helps you in a hundred different ways.

Without your moon-face, if I dare to
 Turn my face to the moon without you,
 The moon will go farther than
 Hundreds of fersah¹⁷³ hundreds of times
 And will be sick and tired of me.

Soul becomes an orphan without You.
 The moon will be split in two without You.
 If You plant the seed of grief
 Even the rose garden will grow torment.

When you rebel, you ride the horse of cruelty;
 If you tighten your leg, who's hand could reach you?
 Whose power could match you?

O my Soul, I am your guest.
 O one who becomes the source
 Of pleasure and joy for every guest—
 Wouldn't it be nice if you show
 Your kindness and scratch my head, too.

O helpless heart, put on your shroud.
 Hang the sword on your neck and go to His presence.
 How is a bad deceitful person able to reach His temple?

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O my soul, didn't my tree grow and
 Become green in your garden?
 Didn't it mature and learn to drink,
 And become accustomed to being drunk?

O my Soul, every particle
Of my existence is Your drunkard.
Don't leave them alone, crying and wailing.

I wish You would fill this secret
Drinking bowl and offer
Wine to us, one by one.
Come to the front as a drunk;
Leave pride and contempt.
Give up the Self and roughness.

That drinking bowl, that jar
Won't break my fasting,
But it will take all my mind and sobriety
From my head.

You are intelligence and sometimes soul;
You are this and that.
Water is You. Bread is You.
You are a friend sometimes
And the cave where one meets the friend.

O invisible drinking bowl,
Are You the glass or Soul,
The fountain of life,
Or the health which comes to the patient?

You are either the fountain of life
Or a decree of salvation.
You are either the Sugar of sugars
Or the clouds which sprinkle sugar.

I stop, not because words
Have gone on and on, but just
So the soul won't fly away.



Verse 1826

*I*f you want the moon; if you want the sun—
 Here is the moon; here is the sun.
 Now if you want early dawn to come,
 Here is early dawn.

O Joseph of Canaan,
 O soul of Solomon,
 If you want the crown and belt,
 Here is the crown; here is the belt.

O Hamza of battles, Rustem¹⁷⁴ of wars,
 If you want sword and shield,
 Here is the sword; here is the shield.

O nightingale that smells beautiful fragrances,
 O parrot which says sweet words,
 Do you want honey and sugar?
 Here is the honey; here is the sugar.

O one who is the enemy of mind and intelligence,
 O Lover who kills lovers,
 If you want to be upside down,
 Here is the up side; here is down.

O soul who wants searching and wayfaring,
 O Moses who wants manifestation,
 If you want eyes and ears,
 Here is the eye; here is the ear.

O Satan, whose heart is full of hatred,
 O old enemy, if you want trouble and evil,
 Here is trouble; here is evil.

Be silent, don't talk too much.
Get up and start the journey.
If you want company; here is the company.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
If you want someone who has
A wounded heart when beholding your beauty,
Here is the lover whose heart is wounded.



Verse 1835

That moon-faced one left the house
Quickly like a thief.
I said I was blaming him
For breaking the promise of loyalty.

Then your sneaky trouble told me
To look for that curly haired, long armed charmer,
The beauty whose hair has fallen to his face;
To look for him in the house.

Strike the match in your
Burned, fried heart.
Burn the water in the fat of your eye.

Light a candle, look around the house:
He could be hidden behind the wall.

The shadow of His sun, behind a wall,
Caused me such trouble in the
Middle of the night of separation.

I searched the house with the light
In my hand. In the end, my light went out
And became dark because of His brilliance.

How did I find you in this dungeon, O Soul, I asked?
How did I go toward the salt mine,
Being as saltless and tasteless as I am?

O charmer who stays away from me,
O obstinate, quarrelsome sultan,
O beauty who gives life to both worlds,
How did I find you?

Scold
Anat
Heu
His
Iker
Ires
Yet
Tha
Goc
Bec
Daz
Or

Suddenly he disappeared
And became secret, like meanings.
He turned into the jewel in the mine;
His jealousy covered and hid him.

I kept hitting my hand to my head.
I resembled a doorknob outside of the door,
Yet, he found something with which to blame me.

I have seen the glory of
God's Shams of Tabriz, to whom the world
Became a slave and I became like a
Darkened moon from the embarrassment
Of seeing the brilliance of his sun.



Verse 1846

*T*here is a light from your ruby lips
 At the top of every stone.
 O my Beauty, the curls of your hair
 Create confusion everywhere.

There is a houri,¹⁷⁵ and a cupbearer
 Under the tree in the garden of your beauty
 Which resembles heaven.

Not only on one side, but everywhere
 There are jars of wine filled with your love—
 Sweet like honey, like grape juice.

Every morning this mind becomes
 Crazy, insane, and climbs the roof
 Of my head, plays the Tambur.¹⁷⁶

How happy is that town
 Where love is the Sultan.
 There is an assembly in every quarter,
 A wedding in every house.

I was passing in front of a monastery—
 I saw a monk who was playing Nefir¹⁷⁷
 At the door of union with your love.

The Devil took lessons from him
 And then became Idris.¹⁷⁸
 He had a chat with that misbeliever,
 And turned white in the night-time like camphor.

I asked him, "Where did you get this power?"

"From a sultan," he said.

He is the one who loves,

And at the same time he is loved.

He helps, also he is helped.

He is the sultan who scatters sugar.

He is God's Shams of Tabriz.

The one who adds Soul to the soul

Nourishes the close ones,

And gives trouble to and harasses those who are distant.



You have an immortal Soul,
 Why are you scared of death?
 You have the Grace of God,
 How can you be contained in the grave?

Treat your heart well.
 The whole universe became gold
 Because of that pearl.
 Where is there a beauty like Him?

The body fell in love;
 It got involved up to its nose with drinking.
 O my Hodja, how come you
 Make a face, looking at me?

There is drunkenness and ecstasy
 In the world of the colorless.
 O Shaikh, how come you are filled with foreboding?
 How come you are submerged in this grief?

Don't be oppressed with anxiety.
 How long will you be mourning?
 Paint yourself with the same color
 If you deserve our gift.

Beloved, the heart became so wise
 Because of Your grace.
 Come, O learned man, since you have our wine.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
 You are an ocean, pure and clear.
 You can't be made muddy and turbid.
 You spread sugar; you drip honey.



201.

Verse 1862

O our Soul, our Universe,
What would happen if You do a favor
And turn Your face to us for just one moment?

O You whose face resembles fire,
You who smell like a rose;
O my God, what a beautiful face You have
And what a nice smell.

Your image keeps turning
In front of my eyes—
What a beautiful dream.
Am I seeing while I am awake?

Your specter caresses the heart,
And the poor heart cannot fit
Into the skin because of this taste.

Shall I talk about Your face
Which resembles the full moon?
Shall I talk about the light of Your view?
Shall I mention all the different souls
Which You gave, or how You are the cure for trouble?

The rose sapling bent its head
Down to earth after seeing You.
After hearing my wailing,
The nightingale stopped singing.

You and Him, together there—
That is impossible.
Get rid of yourself, because
There is no room for you over there.
There is no friend there, no helper—
Just Him.

With whom did Jonah consult
Inside of the fish?
Who is company in the middle
Of the darkest night?

You want the camel to
Go through the needle's eye?
At the top, you loaded the camel
With six bales.

In spite of all this, don't be desperate.
O eye, become spring's cloud;
Scatter pearls with love.



O charmer, at your bazaar
 Hundreds of mantles are sold to one zunnar.¹⁷⁹
 Every face in the world turned into a wall
 With the desire of your face.

Every particle that entered
 The light of Your sun says, "I am God."
 In every corner, someone, like Mansur,
 Has hung on the gallows.

It is surprising that everybody
 Is drunk with a different wine
 Though it comes from the same jar.
 It is strange that there is
 A different thorn in each person's foot
 Though it comes from the same rose.

Every branch yells "Help, I am drunk."
 "I am confused, Mercy," says every mind.

The rose has torn its sleeve and collar
 With longing.
 Love passed out and threw
 Its hat and turban in the air.

In one group, the people's minds are drunk.
 In another the people's minds are not in their head,
 But they are still drunk.
 Yet there is another group besides
 The wise and crazy ones.

We resemble Mount Sinai,
Drunk from the glass of Moses,
Saved from the troubles of the Pharaohs
And the griefs and sorrows of others.
We are beyond ourselves.

We are exuberant in the tavern's jar, like wine.
Though understanding and perception
Are like a cover for this jar,
We still keep overflowing inside.

Even the cover of this jar
Which is made of straw and mud, is moving
With the fermentation of wine.
I swear to God that there
Is nothing better than that in the world.



Verse 1881

*T*onight I am with fairies until dawn.
 They will please me, I will please them.
 I want to join them to eat and drink
 And turn around them during the night.

I learned the manners of fairies—
 When they gather at night
 To play and love, to work
 And start drinking wine.

Djinns are hidden; they are safe, secure.
 But we are more secret than fairies;
 We are much less visible.

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Fairies and djinns can see our shapes
 But don't know anything about our souls.
 They are strangers; follow God's rules.

You keep searching for fairies
 Because you don't know yourself.
 Don't sell yourself that cheap.

Our fairy is very beautiful;
 His face is very handsome,
 And his manner is nice.
 He picked up the ball from
 Satan and the djinn and fairies quickly.

Night admires his moon-face.
 The moon loves to watch him.
 He is not like tasteless,
 Colorless jelly sold in the bazaar.

From his skewer, his wine glass,
His harps, and his stringed instrument,
From his drunken manners,

Nights become insane and crazy
And lips are smeared.
He is in every sect and deserves this exaltation.

Sleep has died; it gave its baggy trousers to be pawned.
You cannot meet sleep in this night.
There is nobody behind this curtain.
Whose back are you scratching?

O you who talk too much,
Close your mouth; your words exceed the limit.
You love to talk. You are not in love with love.



*M*y soul and my heart are troubled
With the love of a deceitful beauty.
Such a stone-hearted, belligerent charmer,
He covers his head like he is sick.

He comes to the door of someone
Who has lost his sleep and rest;
He knocks at the door and asks for water.
What water? He just wants to throw
Him into the fire and burn him.

"Rent this house for me." he asks,
"What would the rent be?"
When asked, "What will you do with that house?"
He replies, "I'll fill the inside with fire.
I'll make a storage house for fire."

Sometimes he says, "This land
You built your house on is mine; you know that."

"Demolish this wall. Give the land back to me.
Your wall in the land of Soul is like dirt."

When he has designs against someone,
That cypress-statured charmer keeps
Turning around his neighborhood.

Suddenly he digs a well and stages a
Hold-up on the road.
Suddenly an "Ah," comes to his ear
From the road to the bazaar

He reads the forms of soul, one by one.
He knows all of them and sweeps them all away.
Since there is nothing left in the body,
You may as well loot the soul.

O sweet smiling Sultan,
The joy and pleasure of every living one,
Who is Heart?
One of your slaves.
Who is Soul? One of your admirers.

The pleasure in the heart
Comes from your sweet wine.
The desire within the soul
Comes from your overflowing exaltation.
Bring your ear close to me so strangers won't hear.

Heart and soul have both gathered roses
From your garden and filled their skirts.
From you they learned to sway
From side to side in the jasmine gardens

Thanks to you, he scratches his ear,
Hoping he will find
What he expects from this Grace.

I became wise and turned into a harp,
Thanks to you, O Beloved.
Just listen once to this kind of wailing,
O greatest expert.

At the end, Love, his cheeks like flame,
Is saying, "Be silent. My heart wants to
Hear talk without sound
And words without a noisy uproar.



205.

Verse 1906

*W*hy, at the circle, are you with the
Sober ones for rides and excursions?
If you don't cover yourself,
You'll be hit by an arrow in your chest.

Bend your head at this circle;
Strengthen your heart.
Believe me, there is a powerful Sultan
On the throne who mends all broken things.

If you want to be free from that moment,
If you want to be drunk time by time,
Drink ruby-colored wine from His glass.

Open your mouth, but don't look
For dirt or sediment in this wine.
Where is there dirt or sediment
In the wine of awareness?

Why do you expect loyalty
And charm from that beauty, O Hodja?
Is the content of his face not enough?

Yesterday, I read the letter
He sent about ecstasy;
Then I wrote hundreds of letters
About getting disgusted
And bored with this world.

Your shape, your image and mine
Came together cheek to cheek.
Yes, you are either telling me
The heart's problem or the sorrow of the soul.

I have slept with the eyes of meaning.
I took my undershirt off
Because love has burnt the curtain
Of hiding and covering.

His love has seen the reflection
Of his beauty in the color of my face,
He fell to his knees to plead
The excuse of his mistake.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
Nobody sees you when you come,
Because you come like a spirit,
Like the breeze, like the wind of dawn, colorless.



206.

Verse 1916

O enemy of my mind,
Trouble of my foolishness,
I resemble a jar,
And you are like wine fermenting inside of me.

You are the beginning. You are the end.
You are the inside. You are the outside.
You are the Sultan; You are the prince.
You are the doorkeeper; You are the guard.

You are good manners and bad manners.
You are pleasing and sometimes discomforting.
You are a moon-faced Joseph:
Sometimes You are hidden and Your face is covered.

You are young and tender, fresh and green,
Very beautiful, very charming.
You are like that intellect inside of me,
Like an earring on my ear.

You are distant and strange,
Yet sometimes a close relative.
You are the past and the future.
You are a friend who has bad thoughts.
You hurt like poison, but sometimes
You are honey sherbet.

O one who stages a hold-up
On the road of the ones who are beyond themselves,
O one who became a treasure for the poor,
My God, what a beautiful shape they
Will become once they embrace You.

On the days when I am sober,
I fight, I make a din,
But I endure; I keep silent on the day
I am drunk with your love.



Attack, attack once more
 Because night has come,
 And darkness has descended.
 Be agile; be like a Turk.
 Don't be like a Tajik;¹⁸⁰
 It's no use being soft.

If we lose weight, our neck becomes thinner.
 Because of Your love
 We have a head which lives without a body
 Like the moon; that's enough for us.

We are Sultans, not like three-day sultans.
 We are garnet, not turquoise.
 We are love, not such a simple thing;
 We are drunk, but not with wine.

It doesn't matter if they call me bad;
 They blame me, but I am slave
 And servant to the beautiful ones.
 I cannot talk or deal with ugly ones
 Even if they do good for me.

He has many lovers;
 I feel jealous of them.
 Even if I am very close to him,
 I act like a stranger.

He covers his face from
The confidant and the non-confidant.
They introduce him to someone, saying,
"This is your such and such slave."
Yet, he strangely asks, "Who is he? Who is he?"

It is childish to talk;
Silence is maturity.
Are you an agile Rustem?¹⁸¹
No, you are a kid playing a game of tipcat.



208.

Verse 1930

You give a bad
Name to the whole world
When you lay that curly, wavy
Hair as a trap.

When you touch your honey-like, sugar-like
Lips to the glass, the wine starts refermenting
And the tavern starts shaking.

Your slanting almond eyes
Will make every snake like an almond
At the colorful gathering.

God forbid, O my soul,
Your favor can't be on credit.
If the thirsty are really thirsty
You water them with all kindnesses.

O Moon that goes around hearts,
Even the distance between our house
And yours is a hundred years long.
You can make this with one step.

Milk runs from a scorpion with Your grace.
You keep this fate's horse under Your control.

If You put Your guard on the roof,
You would open hundreds of doors in the sky
And show the land of Absence to anyone You choose.

When You show your bright face at night,
Every raw thing will be cooked,
And every illegible thing
Will become legible and understandable.



209.

Verse 1938

*W*hatever bothers you whenever you worry,
Quickly say, "O Heart, You said that
Once I went beyond myself I was annihilated."

Since you worry, you are sad;
You lied in your claim.
You are shamed and disgraced.
Your ugliness came to the surface;
Give up that claim.

Look at all the signs of embarrassment.
Think, O bad one, as long as you
Stay with Self, how can you reach that Glory?

Watch and see your ugliness;
What devil are you?
You are the only one making yourself like that.
Why are you blaming others
For crying and wailing?

Heart, even if trouble and suffering
Become intense, don't give up.
Most certainly, kindness and reward
Will appear from the land of absence for you.

There is no trace of pleasure in you;
You are constantly mad, bored and worried.
O feet, O heels, how far are you
From those beautiful halhal¹⁸²?

To cruise around the desert
And fight in the valley is for the brave.
There is no place for the cold and cowardly there,
Because this valley, this desert
Purifies choice people from their dirt
And disgrace; it makes them shine.

Go to the temple of God's Shams of Tabriz
To whom all the universe became enslaved, a servant.
Reach the stage of exaltation with His grace.



210.

Verse 1946¹⁸³

A secret Sultan is walking among us.
A Solomon came to the ant's gathering.

There is a Sultan of Sultans
Who knows the secrets in this gathering today.
He knows and sees the secrets
Of the friends, one by one.

Secrets are open to him like a plate of halva.
A thief uses cunning or a Soul walks straight:
All of these are open to him.

He sees everybody's goodness and evil
On their forehead.
He has so much experience of reading the writing.

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A man who has been freed
From "Self" came to our kitchen.
He will pick up a handful of salt
And sprinkle it over us,
To make us sweet and salty.

Today our Sema is very lively, very active.
My God, You save us from becoming sluggish.

That glass-hearted one was running
Away like a coward yesterday.
He is coming with shame and repentance today.

Though he resides here a hundred years,
And then runs away some place out of obstinacy,
He cannot reach that smiling glory;
He will stay with tears and grief.

If someone puts his drying outside,
And the sun doesn't show up,
The sun wouldn't care if he gets mad.
Be silent, the nightingale naturally
Will return to the rose garden again.



211.

Verse 1955

O Sultan of Islam,
O Soul of the Muslim,
O You who destroy the city.
O You who are hidden.

O flame, flame, blaze; blaze fire.
You drink wine and at the same
Time You embrace us.
You are the Sultan of Sultans
At the throne of purity.

You are the Sultan of every Sultan.
You are the equivalent of
Hundreds of stars, hundreds of moons.
You are the whole Soul; You are entirely Soul.
Command whatever You want, and reign.

You said to me,
"My friend, I'll watch and
Take care of all your belongings."
It is rather strange:
The lion becomes the shepherd.

Whether I exist or not, drunk or sober,
The only thing I know is,
That You know everything.

If I plunge into despair,
And suffer from all griefs,
If I become in such shape I cannot
Fit into my skin,
I will still be glad to be
Sacrificed to a Bayram¹⁸⁴ like You.

If You take all the senses out at night,
In the morning You'll make them appear again
On the body which resembles night without them.

Time by time You change your costume
You come as a messenger who says,
"I brought you news."
My God, when You change costumes,
How will this Soul be able to recognize You?

You are the cavalry in war,
The guard on the roof.
Who else is the One watching and protecting us?

O Love, You are everything.
Why are You attacking?
O Love, do you want to destroy absence?

O Love, either You become a favor or trouble.
You are completely alone.
You are the only One in Arabic or Caldian.
His pipe is blown.

Even if You close Your eyes
And don't smile,
Still the Glory on your forehead
Will keep shining.

Is it possible to carry a candle,
To light a home secretly?
O Moon, why do you come
While hiding behind the curtain?

O eyes, don't you see
That army of the Sultan?
O ears, don't you hear
The drums of the Sultan.

I asked "What do you want for that treasure?"
"Soul," he said, "If you offer your Soul,
I'll give you the treasure—
A treasure for only one grain. Very cheap."

The devil You brought won't
Go away with Lahavle.¹⁸⁵
The dust You raise won't
Settle with the rain.

If you put magician's salve
On the soul's eye of somebody.
The eyes of his head
Wouldn't know or understand that.

Every invisible thing becomes
Visible with that salve you put on someone's eye.
Every illusion will disappear
Easily from the mind.

It is necessary to put the doorknob
On as a salve to the Soul's eye
In order to bring the real searcher to your door.

With this, "total" will merge with "fragment."
A drop reaches the ocean
With the torrent which comes from the mountain.

Be silent; there is no torrent here, no ocean there.
Be silent; the secret of Soul will never be disclosed.



O my soul, behind the curtain of Soul,
 There is a secret world, a secret drinking.
 Behind the curtain of Absence,
 There are hundreds of Josephs of Canaan.

That body is gone.
 Soul is the one who stands alone.
 The flesh is dead, but soul
 Is flying above the garden of heaven.

If you want to look at it differently,
 See yourself at night.
 Your body is almost dead,
 But your soul walks about the garden of heaven.

O Love, you are such a beauty.
 You have such charm, I praise you so much;
 I counted hundreds of your talents
 And have not finished.
 You are hundreds of times beyond all this.

The believers are sweet.¹⁸⁶
 They look sweet; they talk sweet.
 Love is great; it is exalted.
 What language should I use that you don't know?

Run by limping so much that
 No strength will remain in your feet.
 Hundreds of fast horses come to you
 From the Sultan at that time.

One lover was about to die. Someone asked,
 "How come you smile while you are dying?"

The lover answered, "Why shouldn't I smile?
I turned into a whole mouth.
I smile without showing my teeth;
I have become hundreds of smiles."

Because, half of me was sugar cane;
Now that I've become sugar, my other half,
Contemplating becoming scattered sugar,
Turned that way.

Don't call anyone a candle
If he doesn't smile while giving his soul.
Ambergris smells better when it is crushed.

O one whose name has spread
Around the world, the thing
You deserve is Soul.
You are the player of the Beloved,
How come you only desire bread?

Tell that nobody to empty
His pockets and throw away his mantle.
Who gives up expecting God's purse?
Who is the one expected but deprived?

The sky is sending hundreds of
Lights from God's purse.
The sea is scattering all these pearls
From the gifts of God.

The sky keeps scattering,
But these are leftover bread crumbs only.
If you deserve the table,
Leave the sky alone; go that way.

If your hand gets tired,
He gives you another hand.
If your neck can't stand the ring of royalty,
He gives you another neck.

Say, say another gazel and pray for
The reward of your effort from God.
Like the fountain of life, sprinkle a handful of water
To the one who is burned.



213.

Verse 1992

*Y*ou color yourself with
The color of the community;
Taste the pleasure of Soul.
Come to the neighborhood of the tavern,
And watch the ones who drink heavy wine.

Drink a glass from Love.
Leave shame and modesty; become disgraceful.
Close the eye of your head
So the eye of your soul will be open.

If you want to reach the shore,
Let your arms drop to the side.
Break this idol which is made of soil;
See the faces of beauty,
And enjoy that beauty.

How long will you be worrying
About the price of betrothal for an old woman?
How long will you be a target
For all kinds of swords
Just for a few mouthfuls of bread?

Here is the cupbearer who doesn't
Know torment or oppression.
Glasses turn around in his assembly.
Enter among the ones who are sitting.
How long will you be whirling by the universe?

There is a good deal here:
Give one soul, and take a hundred.
Act less like a dog or a wolf,
So you can gain the love of the shepherd.

Night has been your friend all along—
Don't swallow opium tonight.
Quit eating and drinking;
That taste of your mouth will come back to you.

You say the enemy separated so and so from me.
Go, give up this so and so,
And you will get twenty of this and that.

Don't get involved with any thought
Other than the one who created thought.
Is the worry of bread and meals
Better than the Beloved's worry and concerns?

When God's place is so big,
Why do you cage yourself in this jail?
Don't bind this knot
Of thought too closely, because then
You can't see the openness of the heart.
Watch the endless heart.

Quit talking. Abandon soul
And the universe, so you
Can see the Soul and the world.



I am tired of words.
 You came and embraced me, not vice versa.
 Come close, join, become one with me.
 I don't want you to be my guest, my company.

There is a lion roaring.
 Blood is sleeping, for the time being.
 How come you became a slave, a servant
 For a donkey.
 You are the son of a Sultan; you are great.

The One who saved you
 From lots of troubles
 Will spend gold, lots of money,
 And buy you completely.

Even the camel cannot come
 From the forest without striving and struggling.
 How did you come so easily
 From there, O soul.

You resisted a hundred times:
 "I don't want to go from here."
 You were born human; you are man.
 I keep pulling your ear for warning:
 Come to yourself.

I placed nine levels of blue sky;
 In between, I keep turning.
 O greedy Shaikh, how come
 You still knit obstinacy and spin fights.

You look like a pan covered with soot
After the burned tutmac.¹⁸⁷
Where is the greatness
To reach the secret of Keremna?¹⁸⁸

You are a man who is fond of eating;
You are not the brave of Qadr's night.
You are only a child, a singer of chants,
Not the master who invites the fairies.

Your ties are strong,
But they don't let you be alone.
Teachers in the school keep slapping you on the face.

He threw a new halter around your necks—
What are you going to do,
When one of these days
That halter really squeezes your neck?

Look at those flowing, burning,
Blowing, spreading elements.
Those growing, those still staying,
Are moving around Mevalid.¹⁸⁹
You were once their companion;
They all held their beings tightly.

But I pull them, like you, from there to here.
Behind this stage, there are a
Hundred more stages for the soul.

I tell them all,
"Now, get up, jump like a goat.
I gave you a beard
So you can move it.

If you don't move your beard,
I will pull every hair from it.
Can you save the beard
Which grew because of me?

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There was a time when you were a comb,
And you fell into the beard.
Be a mirror now,
Reflect the eyes and face.

You are the comb and at the same time, hair;
The mirror and at the same time, the face.
You are a lion and at the same time, a gazelle.
You are this and that.

You are a head and at the same time, a tassel.
You are a lock and at the same time, a key.
You don't have any illness, but coughing.
Why do you tremble your voice like that?

Stop this grumbling. Enough.
Start a new game.
O you with a new-grown goat beard,
You have hundreds of games.¹⁹⁰



*T*hat face, that forehead
 Became the Qibla of admiration.
 The ones who saw it lost their consciousness;
 It even bewildered the Muslim.
 O Moon, who do you resemble?

I am astonished by God;
 I am at the circle of the good.
 I know nothing more than that.
 O Moon, who do you resemble?

I am a slave, free, ruined and flourishing.
 I fall in love and lose my heart;
 At the same time my heart is overjoyed.
 O Moon, who do you resemble?

A body without a head becomes Soul;
 It becomes a Kalender,¹⁹¹ a believer and a disbeliever.
 O Moon, who do you resemble?

How happy is the person
 Who steps up to the endless, coastless sea
 And plunges into it with open eyes.
 O Moon, who do you resemble?



Since You block our way,
 At least listen to our "Ah."
 We scream "Mercy, God!"
 For God's sake, listen to our yells.

I looked at Soul;
 It was like colorless water.
 Suddenly, such a fish appeared on that water.

That water boiled and overflowed.
 That world, which resembles a well,
 Spread and turned into a sea.

Then I saw the sea rise, and become a drop.
 He is one drop; I am another.
 We became friends, company for each other on the road.

There I saw that drop turn into sea again.
 It covered me; that drop became the sea.
 I became a drop, time by time.

Come forward to the sea, watch us.
 You may be caught, also,
 By the tricks of one Sultan of Sultans.

It is water; the moon is under it.
 It is water; straw is under it.
 He ties your eyes like a magician
 With whom all hearts are falling in love and desire.

Why should I desire Bedehshan,¹⁹²
Since you have ruby lips?
Your hair resembles a rope and well
And will be better than degrees, higher than high office.

The magical eyes
Of God's Shams of Tabriz
Don't charm anyone but awakened souls.



217.

Verse 2036

*B*eloved, kindly say a few
Symbolic words for the fire of companionship.
I cannot open my mouth to say anything,
Because fish cannot talk.

You were a guest in that tent of sky.
The Moon was worshipping you.
O beauty of that large nomad tent.

The Sun is crowned because of You
It became the sultan of the sky.
The Moon has seen another moon
With your kindness and favor.

How could these two become one?
You are fire, I am oil.
You are Joseph, I am the well.

My exuberance comes from your fire.
But if you want to either drive me away,
Place me in exile, or invite me in, accept me:
I am your slave, your servant.

My knowledge becomes a curtain to yours.
The yells and screams of that poor slave
Are from his knowledge, his understanding.

Sometimes I talk about wine; I mention beauty.
That way, I give an example of your favors.
Otherwise, how could those two
Fit in God's universe of Union?

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
You are such a master that
You keep laughing and smiling.
How could a night be full of trouble
After a day like that?



*I*n whose neighborhood are you turning around?
 What do you want?
 Your feet are tied up, like mine.
 You are deprived from that charmer.

If you were tied to Him,
 You would be free from all bondage.
 You neither wanted to serve anybody,
 Nor to become a king or sultan.

Your services became a story
 Like the service of drunks.
 You keep prostrating for no reason
 Like a fish in the water.

He became drunk and fell down.
 The place he prostrated turned into water.
 He even gave up good deeds;
 He was freed from the road of roadlessness.
 He stayed alone, all by himself.

Since you are in water,
 Where is the road?
 Since you've become an altar,
 They will prostrate before you,
 But to whom will you be prostrating?
 There is no torture, no one who repents.
 You have no water and no one who forgets.



219.

Verse 2049

*W*e don't go out from this house, my friend.
How nice to watch and see from here, my God.

There is a garden, a meadow at every corner.
Every moment, there is a witticism, a subtle point,
But no sound of ravens or vultures,
Nor danger from wolves which eat hearts.

The enemy has spread this rumor about me:
"He was contemplating leaving
The town because of fear of something."

Then he adds with zeal,
"It may not be true.
How could he do this, lifeless?
Who can take one step without a head?"

Where can I find a moon like Him
Under the sky?
But He can find crazy, insane ones everywhere.

The moon is making Tawaf¹⁹³
To the dust of your trace around the door.
Because where can he find
The dreamy eyes like yours,
The face full of abundance, like your face;

That love is devoid of any form,
But every beautiful Joseph comes from love.

Since they didn't have love,
Joseph's brothers sold him like a dog.
But his father, because of love,
Saw him as beautiful.

Hit my mouth, break my feet
If I ever mention the word "travel."
Who would leave this land
Of the peace of Heaven and go to Hell?

I became headless and footless
And plunged into that sea.
I am cruising like a ship without feet.

If you kick me out of the door,
I'll come in through the window.
Dancing like particles,
I come down from the sky.

I'll keep turning with love
At the window of this house.
I will acquire a rope made of light.
Then I'll jump this rope like a particle.

Joys and drinking never cease
In a gathering like that—
Talk, nothing would ever be darkened
Because of this glory.

It is better to talk by closing your mouth
Under the dome of your secret.
Because you hear your voice
Twice more under this dome.

God's Shams of Tabriz, keeps cleansing
This subtle point from the words,
With the kindness of his disposition.



Verse 2064

*W*ith whomever you try to get along
 Or come to an agreement, you will fail;
 I'll turn you upside down,
 Because you belong to us.

If You don't want to be shamed and disgraced,
 Nor have that secret come out in the open,
 Nor someone else to drink that wine,

Lift the bottle; give up devoutness.
 Drink this permissible glass of wine.
 Reach peace and tranquillity.

O you who are in love with tomorrow,
 Drink the glass, today,
 At the garden of the rose and tulip.

O roving rascal, show so much drunkenness
 At this orderly ceremony that you reach ecstasy;
 Give up this being.

You are the head troublemaker of charmers—
 Wear the mantle of the ones who are
 Bound by nothing.
 Why don't you stay in Egypt
 And eat sugar all of the time?

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
 What sugar is being scattered to the soul!
 Clear Souls won't get along
 With anyone but you.
 Nobody will give them peace but you.



221.

Verse 2071

O roving lover, put your head in a jar.
Don't hang around smart people.
Don't be a friend of belligerents.

Sober persons look like a jar.
They don't know anything but fighting and struggle.
You are from the dog of Ashabi Kahf.¹⁹⁴
You don't have to fight and struggle.

That smart dog went to the door of the tavern,
Because he saw the sugar and sweetness
In that temple.

My friend, don't leave this beautiful place;
Joy and pleasures are here, you deserve them.

So many who were overjoyed
Became drunk with music.
They left harmony for sweet, beautiful lips.

Put your head on the jar;
Lean the pitcher against the jar.
If you want to get up, jump, get up.
Get next to the jar,
O you who are drunk from fights and noises.



222.

Verse 2077

Beloved, look at us.
You are the soul of the eye's sight.
How can I tell you that you took our heart?
You are our heart.

Souls rejoice when you put
Our heart under your feet.
When you wound us to the bottom of our heart,
The heart eats honey; it chews sugar.

When you spread out your arms
To enter the dance, body gives his soul for you.
Something happens to death: it starts
To come to life when you act coy and dance.

If torment and oppression are like that,
The harvest of loyalty would become very scarce.
O Heart, what are you waiting for?
Give your soul to this torment;
Play with your soul.

I am so drunk today,
I am totally out of myself.
My love, wherever you are
Hold my hand and pull me there.

What ever you need, comes from the sky to you.
How could your pearls decrease?
You are at the bottom of the sea.

My soul, every pupil of the eye
Became somebody because of you.
You are the source of every understanding,
The essence of opinion.
What's the use of the eye without you?

O soul, clap your hands with drunkenness—
You exist, you are happy and healthy.
All is right in the world of Union.
What a nice Soul you are.

O soul, why are you afraid?
You are soul, not flesh, not self.
Body has been a mine of fear.
You are joy and spectacular pleasure.

O day, what a beautiful day you are.
You are like a candle to increase pleasure and music.
One day, have the soul reach him,
Honor, and nourish him.

O Early dawn, source of awareness,
You have such a fresh breath.
Blow the breath of Jesus to the ones
Whose hearts are sleeping.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
When you rise from the East,
Even the sun is engulfed by your glory
And becomes an invisible star.



Verse 2089

I have an intention of falling in love,
 But how would intention
 Fit inside of the heart
 Of the crazy insane ones?

My craziness became the source
 For a hundred wise ones.
 My bitterness is the ocean
 Of honey and sugar.

I saw a charming Beauty
 Under the Tûbâ tree;¹⁹⁵
 His beauty caused so much
 Trouble and confusion in the universe.

He was saying, "Both universes
 Became crazy and insane, because of me.
 All the secrets have been revealed,
 Because of me.
 I am free from night and day;
 What can I expect from tomorrow?"

I asked my Soul, "When I am born again, when I appear,
 To whom will I belong?
 To whose Soul will I add Soul?"

Watch the sea of meaning without fees.
 Shamseddin has appeared
 As a formless sea from Tabriz.



*B*eloved, since you are Jesus,
 What a kingdom Christianity is.
 You showed eternal Lahut¹⁹⁶
 At the world of Nasut.¹⁹⁷

If you open the curls
 Of the infidel's hair,
 Faith will wear a bizarre
 Rope made from your hair.

O beautiful one, whose face
 Shines behind hundreds of curtains,
 In order to adorn this mud
 Earth with His love,

Yesterday, Soul made an oath with your love.
 At that homage, Soul was absolutely alone with love.

Love reached the ear of Soul secretly
 And said, "Can man make an oath with himself?
 You don't exist, the only one who exists is us."

Try as hard as you want,
 You can only close your eyes
 To not see yourself.
 But how long will you run away from yourself
 And not reach peace and comfort?

Soul answered me, "O my unique,
 Beautiful, peerless charmer,
 I made this oath; I swear by your
 Melancholic hair which kills lovers.

When I made that oath, I did not have Soul or body.
O beauty I made that oath without me."

When I made this oath
I had no body and no soul.
O unique, peerless beauty
I make this oath without me, without us.

The drunk is excused from his behavior;
Wine makes him do things.
The moon is reflected on water:
It is seen there, but it is up in the sky.

Go ahead, drink the glass, O Christian rebel,
You are not telling even one small anecdote
About Shams of Tabriz.



Verse 2105

*W*hat a happy day that will be
 When you come back from the road.
 You'll shine through soul's window,
 Like a moon up in the sky.

You will adorn this soil,
 Which covers the ground,
 Like the throne of God
 With your full moon face.

At that time, how many people
 Whose feet are tied will pass out of themselves
 And be free from their existence?
 How many souls will start eating
 Honey and chewing sugar again?

How many caravans will leave
 This six dimensional staging place
 For the land of Absence, without a ride or provisions?

Enlighten my soul, that soul
 Which will tell the body,
 "O Hodja, you who expect tomorrow,
 Give up tomorrow—see me today;
 Watch me today."

You resemble water
 I am a dry creek.
 What else do I want except to meet you, to reach you?
 If you don't turn the water on,
 The creek isn't worth anything.

How nice, how wonderful
That you are better than others.
But I swear to God,
As long as you are by yourself
You'll never reach peace and happiness.

I was looking for Heart—
I met him on the road, I saw him.
He was lying on the ground like one
Who is inflicted with jaundice.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
Your separation crushed me; it killed me.
But even if you crushed and killed me
A hundred times, I wouldn't leave your love.
You won't see that.



O Hodja, what kind of bird are you?
 What's your name, your worth?
 O bird fed by sweets,
 You neither fly nor walk.

You look like an ostrich;
 They tell you to fly, but you say,
 "I am a camel. Have you ever
 Seen a camel fly, uncle?"

When the time comes for loading,
 You say, "I am a bird.
 Birds don't carry weights—
 Why are you asking?"

You are neither a bird which sings songs,
 Nor a parrot with colorful feathers.
 Neither are you a dove with circles on it's neck,
 Nor do you come to our garden and meadows.

Every bird carries the right
 Of Solomon on his neck.
 All the birds have flown there;
 Why are you waiting?



Verse 2119

*H*ere comes that month of Receb—¹⁹⁸
 To see that wonderful moon-face,
 To watch and listen to the desires
 Of the people on the road.

If someone comes by prostrating himself,
 He will have mercy and security.
 If he shows rudeness,
 He gets slapped for correction.

If he accepts the command of God
 And rejoices, that's wonderful.
 If he rebels, he'll find
 The rope on his neck.

If he deserves love,
 He will be as auspicious as Damascus.
 If he doesn't give his heart to the Heart,
 He'll be ruined like Syria.

He asks why this one is prosperous and others not.
 In order to see the Soul of the matter,
 One should have the Soul of Khidr.¹⁹⁹

It is up to God to give sustenance or not.
 Shaban²⁰⁰ comes with the intention
 Of making sure of this for us.

The glass of fasting came,
 And broke all other glasses—
 Just to show joy and pleasure without wine.

The month of Ramadan came—
The time to seal the mouth.
In order to taste the pleasure of lips,
Seal the lips with fasting.

Offer the glass of meanings
To an empty stomach:
The eyes of sunset will surely see
The secret Beloved.

Tell the one who is proud of success,
"This time also passes."
After that the glorious one will be caught
With the bout of malaria, will see the bout of malaria.

Give up all of these.
Grab the bout of Muhammad,
So the snow of your existence will be melted.
See the sun of Arabia.

Be silent; talk less.
The one who wants power, honor,
Name, and fame is
The one who talks too much.



No, no, you have to have
 More loyalty than that.
 No, no, you must fault
 Torment less than that.

If you hurt your drunk lover
 With your hand,
 You are the only one
 Who will take care of these wounds.

The bird who enjoyed the pleasure
 Of your trap won't
 Like to fly anymore.

O my Beautiful one, the work of your eyes
 Is to kill innocent lovers.
 O my charmer, the business of your ruby lips
 Is to satisfy wishes.

Heart is put in such nice shape by your love that
 It neither gives up in front of difficulties
 Nor leaves the journey when getting tired.

Purification in your love
 Is nothing but benefaction and beauties.
 What could you do with a clean Soul?
 Talk about cleanliness and beauty?

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
 You scatter glory from the sky,
 So the soul will be covered by this glory
 And contemplate ascending through the sky.



229.

Verse 2138

I have a heart which has been
Burned and scorched by an invisible fire.
Help, help, O Muslims, from the hand of a Muslim.

Shall I call him honey or sugar,
Pearl, or mine of jewels,
Candle, or early dawn, or a peerless sultan?

This confusion and instigation
Spread fire everywhere.
A tent is sent to the universe
From our fire and our smoke.

In spite of all His kingdom,
That enemy of faith grabbed
My essence right on the road.

He opened and stole my heart
And soul from me.
He is such a one that the value of a soul
Is only worth a bite of bread.

Yesterday, I caught his smell
And went to his neighborhood.
Suddenly a meadow and a rose garden appeared.

There I saw a Soul and a Soul catcher.
He knows the secrets; He knows everything.
He is wide awake and spread all over;
At the same time, totally concealed.

There is such joy and pleasure,
Such a drink at his temple.
The fountain of life is everywhere in the fire of His love.



O You whose existence
 Has no end and no beginning,
 O You whose belonging
 Has no boundary,
 Your love and my Soul are like fire and reed.

Diyet²⁰¹ was given to the one
 Who was killed by accident.
 How happy that one was to be killed.
 I have seen hundreds killed like that;
 Now one is complaining and asking for Diyet.

O You who have seen amazing things,
 Watch and see the most amazing one.
 The Beloved is in the arms of the Lover
 But is neither with him, nor separated.

Come today to the rose garden;
 Enter the circle of drunks.
 Join the one who is amazed, who has passed
 Out of self from drunkenness.
 But there was neither glass nor wine there.

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They are all drunk, but without glass, without wine.
 Look at the camel; read the verse:²⁰²
 "Don't they look at the camel?"
 But it's meaning is not the same.

Look through the eye of Soul
 To the believer or disbeliever.
 They don't have anything
 But the sound of "My God,"
 The yell of "Yes, indeed."

You are eating and living, accustomed to being there.
You don't think of here.
If you run away from there, if you leave there,
You'll find nothing but grace and favor.

My God, erase the abjad of thought
From the book of my heart.
At the school of the One who
Has reached Absence, there is no abjad, no hutti.²⁰³

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
In the place where you are celebrated
There is no fall and no winter because
Of the warmth of the Sun.



231.

Verse 2155

Doesn't that moon shine every
Moment in the sky and earth?
As a matter of fact,
There is absolutely nothing besides that Moon.
Is this true or not?

Isn't He in ambush²⁰⁴ on every road and forest,
In the army of thought, for every
Agile or slow man?

Isn't the one who is freed from himself,
The one who sees his front or back,
Sure of the future or not?
Hasn't he given up that day, or not?

There is an ambush at every step,
Sweeter than sugar, sweeter than almond.
Besides a certain Soul, is there anyone
Who has found mercy from this ambush?

If you want to enter the closest rose garden,
Don't depend on opinion.
Every opinion is great
But doesn't match certainty.



O hodja, health and soundness to you.
 How are you with the trouble we gave you?
 O Source of Beauty, treasure of loyalty,
 How are you? Where are you?

They are asking about you in heaven;
 O my Soul, they are asking about you in hell.
 O heaven of Soul, ocean of cleanliness,
 How are you?

Every brilliant ray of glory,
 O my eyes, O my light, tells of you.
 Every sorrow asks, "O you who expels,
 Troubles, how are you?"

O that Beauty of the sky
 Eats rose marmalade at your temple.
 What are you doing with all this flattery,
 These sounds of "bravo"?

Even when you torment,
 You give hundreds of crowns; you bestow belts.
 If your torment is like that,
 How would your favor be?

O Moses of that time,
 How are you with Pharaoh?
 O Sultan of Yedi Beyza²⁰⁶
 How are you with the blind?

Every rose garden, every narcissus,
 Every iris says to you, "O breeze of dawn,
 How are you with the trouble we gave you?"

O Khidr's fountain of life,
How are you with this whirling sky?
Ox crown of all Souls, you dress
In such heavy garments; how are you?

O Soul who has suffered through lots of trouble,
Be silent. That kindness, those favors ask,
"How are you with troubles?
What do you do with suffering?"



233.

Verse 2163

*M*aster, "How are you?
O Soul of cleanliness, how are you?
O Source of loyalty, how do you do?"

O Soul whom the wise praise,
The world is a dungeon without you.
O the remedy to every lover
Whose heart is stolen, "How are you?"

The moon scratches its ear,
Prostrates a hundred times in your presence.
O Beautiful, face says to your beauty,
"How are you?"

I have become helpless,
Passed out of myself
Since the day you asked me
"How are you?"

We have listened for your tune,
Both of my eyes have become
Cupbearers for you from crying.
O our fountain of life,
"How do you do with this water?
How are you with that air?"

Your absence is bitter,
It is terrible to be separated from you.
Nobody should be apart, separated from you.
"How are you?"

Every particle in front of you says,
"Long life for you because you are the sun,
The biggest, brightest star.
How are you with these sounds
Of long life, bravo?"

O the mirror is in the hands
Of a few Negroes.
O Joseph is in a bunch of blind ones.
"How are you?"

O the Duldul²⁰⁷ of the open square,
"How are you in this dungeon?"
O nightingale of the rose garden,
"How do you do among the deaf?"

O person who is accustomed to heaven,
Acquainted with Houris,
O one in exile now,
"How are you doing with troubles and difficulties?"

O you who have not been confined
At the six corners of the world,
You who now fit under the cloak,
"How are you?"

You are a candle in front of two or three blind ones.
"How are you with their noises
And the wounds of their clubs?"

O morning wind,
Carry our message to the Soul.
Tell him, "Even with all this, O you
Whose voice is as good as David's,
How are you?"

I'll keep silent, but you finish the rest.
Tell him, "O thirsty one who has plenty
To eat and drink, how do you do with God's glass?"



*B*eloved, why, all this time,
 Do you stay in a strange land?
 Come back from this strange land.
 Why this separation?

I have sent hundreds of letters,
 Shown hundreds of ways.
 Either you don't know the ways
 Or you don't read my letters.

If you don't read my letters,
 Letters will read you and tell all my desires.
 Though you may not know the road,
 You are in the hand of One who knows all roads.

Come back; nobody there knows
 Your worth or your value.
 Don't stay with the stone hearted;
 You are the pearl of that mine.

O you who are freed from Soul and from heart,
 You who washed both hands of these two worlds,
 O you who jumped and flew out of the trap of earth,
 Come back because you belong to the hunter's falcon.

You are the water; you are the river.
 Still, you are searching for the water.
 You are the gazelle; you are the lion;
 You are even better than them.

There are so many roads from you to Soul.
 Are you more beautiful than Soul?
 Have you merged with Soul,
 Or are you the Beloved's light?

You are the shining moonlight at night;
You are honey and sugar on the lips.
God, God, who are you?
In short, you are all pleasures;
You are something that hasn't been seen.

Greatness, exaltation, and beauty
Flow from you every moment.
Heart-giving, soul-mind-giving, are from us.
What a nice trade—you give so many beauties
And take some nice things.

It is impossible to save our soul from your love;
The only thing left for us is to melt like sugar.
The poison you offer from your hand
Is like the water of life from the fountain.



Verse 2193

*E*very moment you see a form, a shape,
 But they were not created.
 They appear; they grow on your eye;
 They are seen by your eye.

Eat the Soul's blessing as much as you want
 At the secret assembly.
 There's no need to ask or to get permission.

Eat that magic fruit which
 When you pick it up, it melts in your hand
 With its charm and maturity.
 It is impossible to hold His fruit of charm.

The smell comes from that Hita Turk's hair.²⁰⁸
 It is not from the musk of the Tartar's land,
 Nor from the ambergris of Laden.²⁰⁹

Fate and destiny have been
 Crushing the soul in the body's mortar.
 But this salve of love
 Doesn't get in that mortar.

Have you seen such a salve
 That would melt the mortar
 Where Self is crushed beyond Self?
 They can go places where there
 Is no "yourself or myself."

There is no religion, no sect over there.
 A garden with brand new order is there.
 There are only rose saplings, roses
 Tulips, and iris, but nothing else.

Leave things which belong to the body behind.
Hear the voice of "Appear to me."²¹⁰
Once He burns the Self,
It won't be the reproach of "you'll never see me."

Don't carry your body to the place
Of God's Shams of Tabriz.
There is such a crowd of soul there,
There's no room for even a small needle.



236.

Verse 2202

O garden, you know whose wind moves you.
Do you know from whom you got pregnant with fruit,
Who made you drunk in the rose garden?

If you are all body,
Why do you have this soul?
If you are soul,
Why are you covered with this shape?

Giving my soul as a gift to you
Resembles taking dates to Basra.²¹¹
How can I talk about pearls?
You are already the ocean.

O mind, walk with pace, keep moving the jaw.
You are drunk at the site of your chin.
How do you know that face?

It is useless to play the Tanbur²¹² for the deaf,
Or to talk about sugar to someone whose liver is sick.

Faith would borrow a hundred eyes
To see His face, to get drunk
With God's wine, and fall into ecstasy.

Every day, I fall at the feet of Heart
And tell Him, "If you wouldn't talk like that,
Your secret wouldn't go around."

That six-sided dice is only for this backgammon.
Otherwise, how could six sides
Of a human fit in His bowl?

O God's Shams of Tabriz,
If you are not a Sultan,
How come I put this dazzling
Falcon on your hand?



Verse 2211

*W*here is a beloved like you in love.
 Even sultans were mixed in mortars
 And wear soft wools.

There is a Solomon Seat
 At every corner of the table,
 But you are so drunk that
 You keep eating and drinking
 From the same dishes as the poor and destitute.

What a choice Soul was the one
 With whom you fell in love.
 That Soul became Sultan
 At the "land of certainty."
 To fall in your love, to become impious with your love,
 Is to be written at the front of the book of religion.

What is it to be the pearl of Soul;
 How is it to fool around with words?
 Where is the Soul which knows the way,
 Which follows the trace?
 Where is the eye which sees the Sultan?

Every drunk drinks his wine
 And raises his hands and prays
 His love will last and will never finish.
 The sound of "Amen " comes from everywhere.

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It is said, "Read Yasin"²¹³
 For love and calm.
 What would Yasin do to the Soul
 Which came to the lip?

The one who loses his heart
And falls to the ground becomes topsoil.
But with His glory he puts
A saddle on the horse of the sky.

How lucky is the heart
Which deserves that Soul.
He drinks the wine of Soul sometimes,
And then reaches and caresses the hair
Which looks like musk.

The world will never be able
To put us in a sack, because
I filled my saddle bag
With the love of God's Shams.



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Verse 2220

O you who lost your head, and feet,
Your head is Seme,²¹⁴ you wondered.
Go to the circle of lovers; join them
And reach the temple of Eternal God.

So many heads are rolling
Because of your hair which resembles a club.
Even the Soul becomes an admirer
Of such ambergris and musk.

I have left myself, my existence.
I am His slave, His servant who keeps admiring Him.

I am a Joseph whom hearts desire,
But I want the well on His chin.
I'm a believer of this way,
But sometimes I am a confused unbeliever.

I drank the same wine with that drunk.
I was caught by that tackle.
He pulled me out, out of the
Circle of bewilderment.

O you who became head of the wise,
O you whose heart turned into marble,
Why don't you look at
The one with the eye of amazement.

Otherwise, I'll fight with you,
Cause you trouble, and shed your blood
With the dagger of admiration.

With the glory of God's Shams of Tabriz
To whom the whole world is a slave and a servant,
I am the plump one of Love
And the lean and thin one of the world of bewilderment.



*E*ven if all my friends deny
 My fondness for coffee.
 They are very nice and kind.
 But I am fond of coffee. To drink
 Coffee is a must for me.
 It is not my way to deny that.

As you know, Reyhan²¹⁶ grows well
 In old broken pots.
 Where is that broken glass?
 Where is Reyhan smelling wine?

If you smear the tears from the
 Fountain of my eyes with blood,
 Their color becomes more red; it turns to red blood.

Fairy-faced beauties stand in a row
 At the assembly of Solomon.
 They look like birds who sing
 With the melody of David.

O Joseph, I would be sick
 If my brothers blame you.
 But even my sorrows are the remedy
 For many sicknesses; they cure them.

Pull the ear of mind like a school kid.
 See the cupbearer serving the teated jar to the drunk.

You wanted to meet me;
 You came and saved me from solitude.
 Where is your first step?
 Where is your second thought?



O heart, behave; don't act badly,
 Because you will be able to find
 The things you see and hear
 Only with good manners.

God forbid.
 Nobody will find this
 Love by indulging at this table.
 Nobody will be able to see this face
 With the brazen-faced one.

Sit right inside the eyesight
 Like the pupil of the eye.
 O heart, for whatever you are looking,
 Look inside of yourself.

If you don't want to stay in the shade,
 Stay away from neighbors.
 Stay away from anything with a shadow.
 Don't look at yourself; don't see yourself.
 Because to you, yourself is like
 A hair grown on your eye.

You are submerged into the sea;
 What are you doing on the ground?
 You are at the shore—
 Why don't you wash your face?



*T*he rose said to me,
 "Why are you looking for softness
 And tenderness on the thorn?"
 I answered, "Why do you look for a sane
 One among the ones who have fallen in this love?"

He asked, "Who is your Beloved in this love?"
 I said, "Why do you search for the Beloved
 Since you are not in love?"

"Do me a favor, show me the way
 To the tavern," he said.
 I said, "Go away. You are a small kid.
 What will you do at the tavern?"

"You are so drunk and out of yourself,
 Show me, tell me, what kind of wine did you drink?"
 I said, "Pull yourself together. What a poor wretch—
 This is none of your business."

He said, "What kind of rose garden
 Is that? The smell doesn't come."
 I told him, "If you can't perceive the smell,
 Why do you look for a rose garden?"

"The one who expects loyalty," he said,
 "Is asleep and dreaming."
 I said, "Why do you have such a desire
 To look for Him in daydreams?"



Notes

- ¹ This gazel was most likely written on the return of Shams to Konya.
- ² Hamel: At the beginning of summer the sun comes to the sign of Aries.
- ³ Karun: legendary rich man.
- ⁴ Tayammum: The ritual ablution of washing with sand.
- ⁵ Abu Jahl: "father of ignorance" nickname of Abut Hakem Amr ibni Hise A big enemy of Islam, he died in 624.
- ⁶ Sahabe: A disciple of the Prophet Mohammad.
- ⁷ La hawle: La hawle wa l^a kuwete illa billah. "There is no power or strength, but in God."
- ⁸ Abu-Bakr: A rebab player who played often at Mevlana gatherings.
- ⁹ Hadith: words and acts of Prophet.
- ¹⁰ Tefsir: Quran's interpreter.
- ¹¹ Rehani Abu-Bekr: Was a rehab (three-string violin) player and was very close to Mevlana.
- ¹² Time of Moon: Old astronomical phrase. Period of moon in universe is 1,000 years.
- ¹³ Zaloglu Rustem: Legendary Persian hero.
- ¹⁴ Tavaf: The ceremony of going around the Kaaba at the pilgrimage to Mecca.
- ¹⁵ Alast: "Am I not your God?" Quran 7:172-173.
- ¹⁶ Quran: 24:35.
- ¹⁷ Yasin: the thirty-sixth surah of the Quran.
- ¹⁸ Zaloglu Rustem: Legendery Persian hero.
- ¹⁹ Feridun: Persian mythological character
- ²⁰ Senai: Famous Sufi. His work "Hadikat-al Hakika" (d.1130-31).
- ²¹ Halvah: Sweetmeats.

- 22 Mehter: Military band.
- 23 Kafdagi: A legendary mountain that surrounds the world.
- 24 Yed-i Beyza: The white hands of Moses.
- 25 Bey: gentleman, young master.
- 26 Husrev, Shirin, Ferhad: Characters in a Persian love story.
- 27 This gazel was written in Arabic.
- 28 Kaaba: cubical temple of Mecca-direction of prayer.
- 29 Zamzam: A well near the Kaaba.
- 30 Quran 92:1
- 31 Night of Qadr: 27th of Ramadan. The night when the Quran was revealed.
- 32 Moon of Repentance: Arabic lunar month.
- 33 Hadith: *Al-cami*, volume 1.
- 34 Balasagon: Geographical name.
- 35 Qibla: Direction a Muslim turns when praying.
- 36 The Quran has thirty equal sections.
- 37 First verse of the 94th Sura in Quran
- 38 Alast: "Am I not your God?" (Quran)
- 39 Quran 38:41.
- 40 Sahur: Meal before dawn during Ramadan fast.
- 41 Iftar: Meal taken at sundown during Ramadan fast.
- 42 Bayram: Religious feast day after Ramadan
- 43 Bayram: Festivities after a month of fasting.
- 44 Azra and Vamik: From an old Persian love story.
- 45 Namaz: Muslim worship.
- 46 Qibla: Direction for Muslim prayer.
- 47 Husrev and Shirin: Characters in a famous love story.
- 48 Kullah: A conical hat
- 49 Qadr's night: The night when the Quran is revealed, "The Night of Power."
- 50 Bayram: Holy day.
- 51 Tirit: bread soaked in gravy.

- 52 Rind: Unconventional, jolly man. Certain type of Sufi.
- 53 Abu Lahab: an uncle of Mohammad who was a disbeliever.
- 54 Hasan and Huseyn: sons of Ali - Their mother Fatima was the daughter of the Prophet Mohammad.
- 55 Hutun: City in Central Asia.
- 56 Halvah: Sweetmeats.
- 57 Karatash: The black stone in Mecca
- 58 Macun: A fruity paste prepared as a remedy for ailments.
- 59 Khidr: Legendary person reputed to arrive to help people in critical moments.
- 60 This gazel is obviously about the return of Shams to Konya.
- 61 Bey: Status in society or government.
- 62 Hasan and Huseyin: Sons of Iman Ali.
- 63 Caylak: Black kite. Half of the year a male, other half a woman according to old folk tale
- 64 Bey: Social status. Gentleman, important man.
- 65 Ezan: The Muslim call to prayer.
- 66 Nevruz: Persian New Year Day, March 22.
- 67 Kopuz: A kind of guitar.
- 68 Quran 102:3
- 69 Turkestan: Country in Central Asia.
- 70 Yagmabey: A Turkish tribe known for looting.
- 71 Muezzin: He who calls Muslims to prayer.
- 72 God is Great: The beginning of the Ezan.
- 73 Mani: The founder of the Religion of Mani. b. 240 which merged Christianity with Zarathrustran. This religion spread to Iran, India and China. He was executed by skinning in 274. His books are decorated with beautiful miniatures.
- 74 Azer: Father or uncle of Prophet Abraham. Maker of idols.

- 75 Semender: A small animal which lives only in fire.(Oriental myth)
- 76 Be: "God created Adam from the soil, then said, "Be."
(Quran)
- 77 Jamshid: A mythological Iranian king.
- 78 Afesh: Arab lingust. (d.825).
- 79 Zunnar: Rope girdle formerly worn by Christians in Turkey.
- 80 Kharun: The legendary rich.
- 81 Wa Tin: Beginning of Sura 95 of the Quran.
- 82 Mim & Dal: Letters of the Arabic alphabet.
- 83 Rustem-i Destan: Father of legendary Persian hero.
- 84 Zal: Old and white-haired.
- 85 Birds of Abraham:Quran 2:60.
- 86 Qaaria: Sura 61 of Quran.
- 87 Kulah: Conical hat.
- 88 Pelker: Propeller.
- 89 Hikmet: The ultimate hidden cause for existence.
- 90 Hamza: A sign in the Arabic Alphabet.
- 91 Rebab: a stringed instrument.
- 92 Quran: 19:71
- 93 Fatiha: First Sura of the Quran.
- 94 Rustem: Legendery Persian strong man, hero.
- 95 Ja'fer-i Tayyar: One of the uncles of the Prophet
Mohammad. He lost his arms in war, God gave
him wings so he could fly.
- 96 Hakan: Turkish for Sultan.
- 97 This verse is in Greek.
- 98 Rind: Unconventional mystical man.
- 99 Ihram: White garment worn by pilgrims at Haj.
- 100 Harem: Certain district of Mecca.
- 101 Rind: A jolly, unconventional mystical man.
- 102 Zunnar: Rare girdle formerly worn by Christians in Turkey.

- 103 Kaaba: cubical temple of Mecca.
- 104 Reyhan: Special kind of rose.
- 105 Bedehskan ruby: City, famous for its ruby.
- 106 Sherbet-blow: Old tale of casting spells by giving
sherbet and blowing prayers to it.
- 107 Ledun: Mysteries of divine nature.
- 108 Ya Hu: He, God.
- 109 "I breathe into man from my Soul (Quran 15:29)
- 110 Ferhad-Shirin: Legendary Persian love story.
- 111 Tambour: stringed instrument.
- 112 Kawthar: River of Paradise.
- 113 Hadith Bukhari—*Ahadidis-i Mesnevi*, p. 176.
- 114 Quran: 1:4.
- 115 Yasin: Surah 36 of the Quran.
- 116 Fulaneddin: A random name.
- 117 Illiyani: Name of Heaven (Quran 33:7-18).
- 118 Siccini: Name of Hell (Quran 33:7-18).
- 119 Ezel: Eternal, forever.
- 120 Ebed: Eternal, forever.
- 121 Illa: *La illahe ill'Allah*. "There is no god other than
God."
- 122 Yedi beyza: White hand of Moses.
- 123 It is an old belief that when an elephant sees its
country, India, in a dream, it becomes overly
excited and agitated.
- 124 Quran Duhan 54:25: When Moses led the Jews out of
Egypt they left so many gardens, fountains,
harvests, etc.
- 125 Quran: 57:5.
- 126 Quran: 50:16.
- 127 Abu Bakr: While escaping from Mecca, the Prophet
Mohammad spent the night in a cave with Abu
Bakr.
- 128 Semender: Small legendary animal which lives in
fire.

- 129 Kalender: A group of dervishes spread around Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt during the 12-13th centuries. Later in the 17th century they were represented by the Bektashis.
- 130 Hatif: The One who receives words from the world of Absence.
- 131 Rafizi: Shiite Muslim.
- 132 Omar: Imam of Sunni Muslims.
- 133 This gazel is written partially in Arabic, partially in Greek.
- 134 Rind: jolly, unconventional mystic.
- 135 Celebi: Educated man, gentleman; title given to Mevlana's descendants in the Mevlevi order.
- 136 Mazi: Oak tree.
- 137 Group of dervishes from Asia Minor.
- 138 Cem: Mythological Persian King.
- 139 Lala: Male tutor.
- 140 Ikizler: Twins-Gemini.
- 141 Yedi beyza: White hand of Moses.
- 142 Quran: 73:6.
- 143 This gazel was probably written when Shams departed the first time.
- 144 Siccin: The bottom of Hell.
- 145 Illiyun: The highest level of heaven (Quran).
- 146 Zamzam: Famous well in the court of the Kaaba.
- 147 Chadir: Dress with a veil, covers the entire body, formerly worn by women in the Near East (presently in Iran).
- 148 Hadith (*al- Cami'* 11 p. 42-43)
- 149 Berbad: stringed instrument.
- 150 Fergane: Geographical name.
- 151 Hannane: The pole in the small mosque where the Prophet Muhammad gave sermons, he leaned on the pole. Later when he climbed the pulpit, the pole made a crying sound.

- 152 Araf: Place between heaven and hell.
- 153 Sarah: Wife of Abraham; she gave birth to a child when she was very old.
- 154 Hamadan: City in Persia.
- 155 Yakin: Certainty.
- 156 Ayaz: A young slave of Mahmud.
- 157 Mahmud: A king of India (d. 1030).
- 158 Story of cave has been previously explained.
- 159 It once was considered that if salt is added to a body and frozen, the carcass becomes clean.
- 160 Abu-Behir: First Caliph after the Prophet Muhammad.
- 161 Hemedan: City in Persia.
- 162 Mashallah: What wonders God has wrought.
- 163 Mihrab: A niche in the Mosque indicating the position of Mecca, corresponding to the altar in a church.
- 164 Omar: Son of Hattab: One day, women were talking loud in the presence of the Prophet Muhammad, then Omar came and they all stopped, kept silent. The prophet asked, "How come they become quiet when they see you?" The women said, "Omar is more severe than God's messenger." The Prophet said, "Omar, the devil won't go on the road you go." (*Muslim*, 5-7, p. 1)
- 165 This gazel may be about Sham's death.
- 166 Quran: 18:9-26.
- 167 Namaz: Muslim praying.
- 168 Qibla: The direction in which Muslim prayer is performed
- 169 Kaaba
- 170 Kulah: A conical hat.
- 171 Quran: 5:112-115
- 172 Meksure: Private enclosure in Mosque for Sultan.
- 173 Fersah: Distant measurement.
- 174 Rustem & Hamza: Heroes of Persian mythology.

- 175 Houri: Beautiful woman in heaven.
- 176 Tambur: Stringed instrument.
- 177 Nefir: Musical instrument used until the eighteenth century.
- 178 Idris: Enoch.
- 179 Zunnar: Rare girdle formerly worn by Christians in Turkey.
- 180 Tajik: Person from, a country in central Asia
- 181 Rustem: Persian mythological hero.
- 182 Halhal: Anklet, bangle worn by women.
- 183 This gazel may be attributed to Burhaned Muhakkik-i Tirmiz; who was known as Seyyid-i Sir'dan. Golpinarli
- 184 Kurban Bayram: Muslim festival of sacrifices.
- 185 Lahavle: Expression of impatience. "There is no power or strength but God."
- 186 Believer is sweet: Hadith .
- 187 Tutemac: Meal made with flour.
- 188 Keremna: I swear, we made the sons of Adam superior, carried in water on the ground, fed them clear food, exalted them (Quran 7:70).
- 189 Element Mevald-i Selase: Three children turning the sky makes four elements: dry-wet-hot-cold. From those four elements come water-earth-wind-fire. From this combination nine skies "Three children become mineral, plant, animals. This is an old belief.
- 190 Golpinarli counted one extra verse in this gazel. We have used his numbers.
- 191 Kalender: A dervish sect.
- 192 Bedeshan: City famous for its rubies.
- 193 Tawaf: the ceremony of going around the Kaaba on the pilgrimage to Mecca.
- 194 Ashabi Kahf: Companion of the cave.

- 195 Tûbâ tree: A tree, its roots in the sky, branch and leaves below, planted by God (Khadith. al-cami, 11. p. 46)
- 196 Lahut: Absence; divine universe.
- 197 Nasut: World of relativity, mortal world.
- 198 Receb: Seventh month of Muslim year.
- 199 Khidr: Legendary person who attains immortality by drinking from the fountain of life.
- 200 Shaban: Eighth month of Muslim year.
- 201 Diyet: Blood money demand, retaliation by law.
- 202 "Don't they look at the camel to see how it was created?" (Quran 88:17).
- 203 Abjad: The first word in a mnemonic formula giving the arrangement of the Arabic letters according to their numerical value.
- 204 There is no doubt, God is in ambush for every man. See and watch them." (Quran 7:143).
- 205 This gazel and the next two were probably written after Shams departure.
- 206 Yedi Beyza: White hands of Moses.
- 207 Duldul: White horse of Imam Ali.
- 208 Hita:: City in central Asia.
- 209 Laden: Resin of citrus plant.
- 210 In a given time, God talked with Moses. Moses said, "My God, appear to me, I will see you." "You will never see me look at this mountain." The answer came. (Quran 7:143).
- 211 Basra: City known for its dates.
- 212 Tanbur: A stringed instrument.
- 213 Yasin: O, Man (Call to the Prophet Muhammad) Surah 36 of the Quran. This sura is read to a dying person.
- 214 Seme: Stupid, confused.
- 215 Verses 1, 3, 5, 7 are written in Arabic.
- 216 Reyhan: A special kind of rose.

archegos

